

FEATURING-

★ DICK COLE ★
EDISON BELL

October

BLUEBOLT

10¢

BLUEBOLT

SERGEANT SPOOK AND
JERRY LEARN THE ORPHANAGE IS
HAUNTED BY LIVE GHOSTS... AND
THE TABLES ARE TURNED! ...

Vol. 3 No. 5





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

BUY A SHARE IN AMERICA—BUY U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

Dear Readers:

Here is another letter about "letters to the editors". If you remember, in one issue of BLUE BOLT not long ago, the editors asked you for letters with *constructive criticism* 'cause up to that time all the letters had been so very favorable. Of course, we could print letters all the time that only praised BLUE BOLT and, though, naturally, we like to hear "them words of praise", they do not give you associate editors much "meat" to chew on. Now we want to send those ten cent War Stamps each month for several of the best letters which we can publish, but it is hard to judge fairly as to which letters are the best when they all contain nothing but praise for the strips already in the magazine. We're mighty sure that loads of you associate editors have a lot more to say in the line of constructive criticism than you have yet told us. Haven't you? Do you always like the covers? If not, how should we change them to improve them? Do the stories pack a wallop every time? Isn't there a particular adventure that you would like to see your favorite hero, such as Dick Cole, embark on? Don't just *think* about all these things; *we* editors respect the opinions of *you* editors. Of course, you know that we don't want thoughtless "brickbats" thrown just for effect, but we do want real honest-to-goodness criticisms that will help make BLUE BOLT better and better with each issue that is published.

You know, we don't just open up your letters and give them a hasty glance or two. Each letter is read carefully and with lots of interest by all of us. All the questions that we put to you in this page are ones that we really want answers to; it helps us a lot to hear those answers from you co-workers. In the last two issues of BLUE BOLT we have asked you to write and tell us how you are earning money to buy War Bonds and Stamps. We are anxiously waiting to get those replies as soon as you have had a chance to see our request. You see, other readers too are earning money and are buying War Stamps with it, and they want to hear how *you* are doing it. We are all working together now, *first* for Uncle Sam and all our cousins in the service and then for BLUE BOLT. Let us have those letters about the money you have earned and the stamps you have bought so we can spur the others on and show them how easy it is and what fun it can be. At the same time, let's hear what you want to see in BLUE BOLT and what you *don't* want to see.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR PART TO HELP KEEP 'EM FLYING?

Cordially yours,

The Editors.

We thought that our circulation across the seas had pretty much disappeared for the Duration, but, from far-away Africa comes Brian's letter. Thank you, Brian, we are glad to see that BLUE BOLT still reaches across the sea.

Dear Editors:

I like BLUE BOLT COMICS because they are full of variety, although I think it could be improved if you extracted Sergeant Spook and, in its place, put a longer story of Phantom Sub or Dick Cole. Otherwise, I would rather miss a packet of candy than a BLUE BOLT Comic.

Yours faithfully,

Brian Patton,

Salisbury, South Rhodesia.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY! -AL FAGALY

SOME OF THESE
PLEBES DO PRETTY
KEEN WORK, SIMBA!

I HOPE WE'RE
EVEN **MORE** PROUD
OF THEM TOMORROW,
WHEN ADMIRAL LOW
INSPECTS THE
DESIGNS!

BECAUSE OF THE WAR, THE TRADITIONS
OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY HAVE TO BE
CARRIED ON MORE AND MORE BY THE
BOY CADETS THEMSELVES!

I'M CALLING
MINE THE **LOOP-
DE LOOPER!**

WHEE! LOOKIT
THAT ONE GO,
OBIE!

DICK AND SIMBA HAVE BEEN PUT
IN CHARGE OF DEVELOPING NEW
PLANE DESIGNS, GROWING OUT OF WORK
THE CADETS DID FOR THE NAVY.

DICK ADDRESSES THE PLEBES....

WE WANT TO IMPRESS
ADMIRAL LOW
WITH THE
ORIGINALITY OF
OUR DESIGNS.
BUT, REMEMBER—
DON'T BUILD
YOUR WINGS
LIKE
BOOMERANGS!

RIGHT, DICK! NOW I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW A PLANE SHOULD
WORK! WILL SOMEBODY GIVE ME A MODEL PLANE? HOW

ABOUT YOU, OBIE? A PLANE?
I WILL, SIR!

HERE'S WHERE I
HAVE SOME FUN!

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OBIE WINTERS, DICK'S PRACTICAL-JOKING "BROTHER RAT" MAKES A SWIFT CHANGE!

I JUST RAISE THE FRONT EDGE OF THE WING AND IT'S A SWEET LITTLE BOOMERANG!

THAT LITTLE DEVIL'S UP TO SOMETHING!

ALL RIGHT "RAT" LET'S HAVE IT!

* TERM USED BY UPPER CLASSMEN TO DESIGNATE NEW CADETS.

HERE YOU ARE, SIMBA!

THANKS, OBIE LET'S TAKE IT TO THE GYM FOR A TEST.

INSIDE THE GYMNASIUM....

WATCH ME TAKE FULLY, FELLOWS THE TAKE-OFF IS VERY SIMPLE, IF YOU GET THE RIGHT ANGLE.

HE'LL GET THE ANGLE ALL RIGHT!

SIMBA HURLS THE PLANE FORWARD....

FLING IT ON A LEVEL THEN—

HEY—IT'S TURNING OVER!

LOOK OUT!

... BUT IT BOOMERANGS!

OUCH!

THE PLEBES ROAR WITH LAUGHTER!

HURT YOURSELF, SIMBA?

NO! GUESS I DIDN'T SHOOT IT AT THE RIGHT ANGLE!

WOW! WHAT A TAKE-OFF!

IT TOOK OFF ON SIMBA'S BEAN!

QUIET, YOU RATS!

HA-HA! WAS THAT FUNNY!

HN-M! OBIE DID THE DIRTY WORK—I WON'T TELL SIMBA... HE'D BREAK THE KID'S NECK!

OBIE QUICKLY FIXES THE PLANE'S WING, AND SENDS IT OFF PERFECTLY!

THAT'S BETTER, OBIE. O.K., WE'LL PASS THAT MODEL FOR TOMORROW'S REVIEW!

THE NEXT DAY, ADMIRAL LOW ARRIVES FOR THE OFFICIAL TESTING.

EACH PLANE WILL BE CHECKED - AND THE BEST WILL BE CHOSEN OFFICIALLY, FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENT BY THE NAVY EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY!



WE ARE INTERESTED IN NOVEL DESIGNS - WHICH MAY BE OF VALUE IN HELPING US TO SECURE THE BEST PLANES THAT BRAINS CAN INVENT!



JOE DALY, SIMBA'S WARD, DEMONSTRATES HIS PLANE MODEL. BUT...

GOSH, SIMBA! THE FUSELAGE IS ALL "OFF" ON THIS MODEL.

YEAH! THE WINGS ARE COCKEYED, TOO!



AW, GEE!

THE ADMIRAL "DOUBLE-CHECKS".

SORRY! ANY FLIER WHO'D GO UP IN A PLANE OF THIS DESIGN WOULD SURELY CRASH TO DEATH!

SORRY, SIR!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR!



A SHORT TIME LATER, OBIE WINTERS SHOWS THE ADMIRAL HIS MODEL.

THIS MODEL LOOKS QUITE GOOD, ADMIRAL LOW.

GOOD? WHY THIS IS EXCELLENT! HAVE IT TESTED AT ONCE!



YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY SIR!

MARVELOUS!

JIMMINY! OBIE'S IS A HUMDINGER!

YEAH! DARNED SIGHT BETTER'N JOE DALY'S "SUICIDE SHIP"!



AW THIS ONE ISN'T SO HOT!

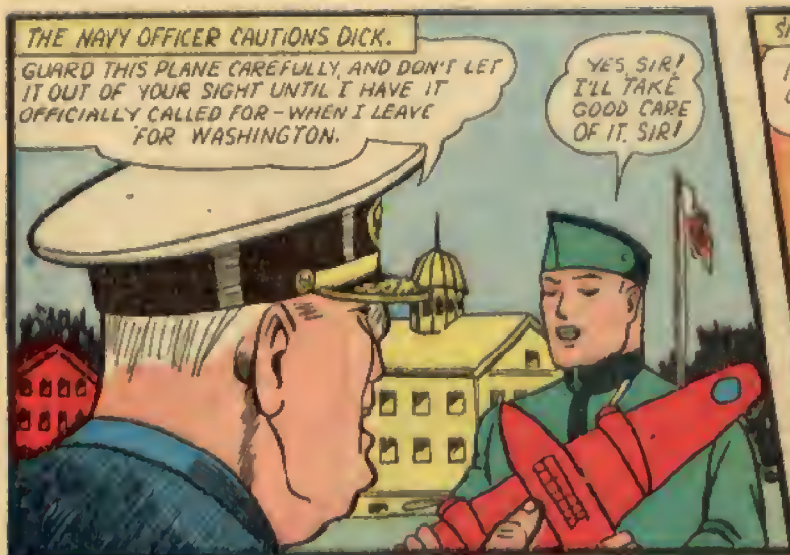
AFTER THE TEST...

CADET COLE, THIS BASIC DESIGN IS SO FINE THAT THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT WELL MAKE REAL PLANES ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE.

GOOD WORK, OBIE! THE ADMIRAL WILL WANT TO TAKE THE MODEL TO WASHINGTON TONIGHT!



O'BOY-O'BOY! WASHINGTON!





AN' YA THINK TH' GENERAL
WILL RECOMMEND IT FOR
TH' ARMY AN' GIVE ME
A MEDAL?



POSITIVELY! BUT YOU MUST KEEP
IT A SECRET! MEET ME TONIGHT, UND
BRING DER MODEL MIT YOU.

YEAH! GEE!
- SURE I
WILL! I
WON'T SAY
A WORD TO
ANYBODY!



WOW! WON'T JOE DICKY BURN
WHEN HE FINDS OUT THAT THE
ARMY WANTS THE PLANE AS
MUCH AS THE NAVY! HAH-HA!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, OBIE DARES THE
WRATH OF DICK, AN UPPERCLASSMAN, BY
SPEAKING TO HIM FIRST!

BEG PARDON
SIR, I'D LIKE
TO ASK, SIR—

OH! IT'S YOU, 'RAT'! WELL,
OUT WITH IT—THOUGH YOU'RE
VOLATING A "RAT
RULE"...



I JUST WANNA MAKE A FEW LAST
ADJUSTMENTS
ON MY MODEL,
DICK—I MEAN—
SIR!

BUT I'VE PLEDGED
MYSELF TO GUARD IT!
OH, I GUESS IT'S ALL
RIGHT!

THE TOOLS
ARE IN MY
ROOM—I'LL
RETURN IT
SOON.



DICK'S DUTY GIVES WAY
TO HIS FEELING OF FRIEND-
SHIP FOR HIS 'RAT'.

GUESS I'M NUTS! I'M
RESPONSIBLE TO
THE ADMIRAL, BUT—

HERE YOU
ARE OBIE!
- BUT, REMEM-
BER, BRING
IT BACK
IMMEDIATELY



AFTER OBIE LEAVES WITH THE PACKAGE,
DICK SUDDENLY DECIDES TO WATCH HIM.

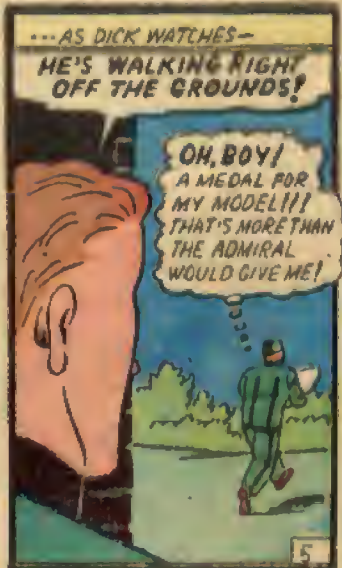
I'M AFRAID THAT LITTLE FOOL IS
GOING TO GET HIMSELF INTO
TROUBLE!



DICK DECIDES TO TRAIL THE PLEBE...

HM-M!... WONDER WHAT
OBIE'S UP TO!

I'LL WALK TOWARD
THE SHOP, AN' THEN
TURN BEHIND THE
SHRUBS WHERE THE
ARMY FELLOW IS.



...AS DICK WATCHES—
HE'S WALKING RIGHT
OFF THE GROUNDS!

OH, BOY!
A MEDAL FOR
MY MODEL!!!
THAT'S MORE THAN
THE ADMIRAL
WOULD GIVE ME!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"999 GOTHAM STREET"—
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE.

JUMPIN'
JELLY BEANS!
HE'S GOING
INTO THAT
HOUSE!



AS THE DOOR OPENS, OBIE ENTERS. BUT...

DOT'S HIM! GRAB
HIM, MEN!

I GOT HIM!

JA—

HEY! WOT'S
TH' IDEA?



AH! DER PLANE MODEL
MUST BE IN DIS PACKAGE!
HA!



WH- WH- WHY— YOU'RE
A BUNCH OF
GERMAN SPIES!

SHUT UP,
DUMKOPF!

SLAP

OW!



IN A SHORT TIME, OBIE IS TIED UP!

NOW VE VILL DRAW UP DER SPECIFICATIONS,
UND SEND DEM TO HITLER!

JA!

GLUB—



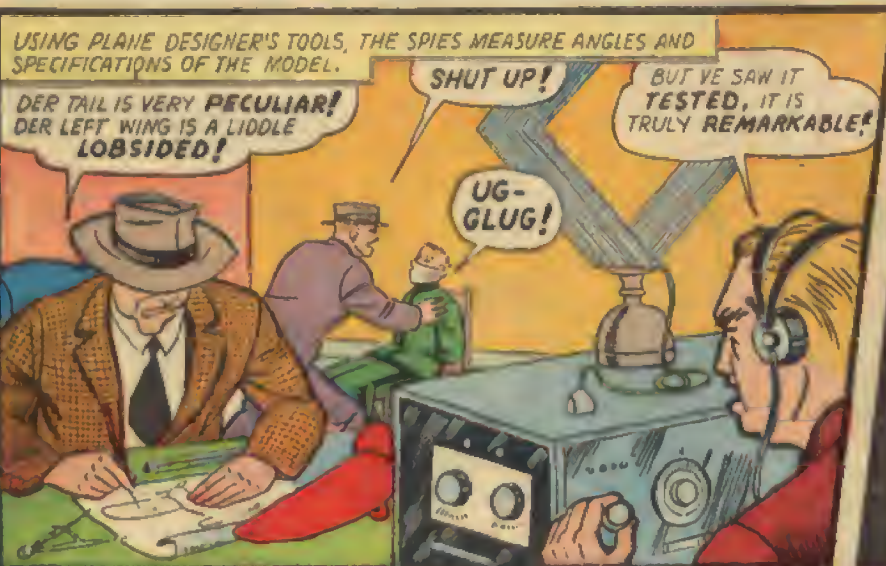
USING PLANE DESIGNER'S TOOLS, THE SPIES MEASURE ANGLES AND
SPECIFICATIONS OF THE MODEL.

DER TAIL IS VERY PECULIAR!
DER LEFT WING IS A LIDLE
LOBSIDED!

SHUT UP!

BUT VE SAW IT
TESTED, IT IS
TRULY REMARKABLE!

UG-
GLUG!



VEN DER FEUHRER GETS
OUR INFORMATION ABOUT
DER MODEL PLANE DESIGN,
HE VILL REYARD US
HANDSOMELY!



DICK PEERS INTO THE HOUSE!

THIS IS WHERE THE KID WENT IN. LET'S SEE! **TRIPLE WOWS!** THEY'RE SENDING A PICTURE OF THE MODEL BY A SHORT WAVE RADIO PHOTO-SENDING SET!

MEANWHILE, ADMIRAL LOW AND MAJOR FARR HAVE ENTERED DICK'S ROOM.

NEITHER DICK COLE NOR OBIE SEEM TO BE HERE, ADMIRAL, AND I CAN'T FIND THE MODEL PLANE EITHER! HE MIGHT HAVE HIDDEN IT AWAY, OR...

CADET COLE PROMISED TO HAVE THE MODEL PACKED AND READY FOR ME TO TAKE TO WASHINGTON, MAJOR, AND TIME IS SHORT!

DICK'S PAL, SIMBA, AND JOE DALY MIGHT KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, ADMIRAL. I'LL—

IN SIMBA'S ROOM!

WHAT! DICK AND OBIE ARE GONE??

UNFORTUNATELY, THE PACKAGE WITH THE PLANE MODEL HAS DISAPPEARED TOO!

YES!

I'M SORRY ABOUT DICK, BUT I DON'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT STUCK-UP OBIE AN' HIS MODEL PLANE!

HOLY TUMPIN' JINGOES! EXCUSE ME, SIR!

SUDDENLY, THE PHONE RINGS!

HELLO—DICK! WHERE ARE YOU? WHAT??? WOW!

WHAT IS IT, SIMBA?

IT'S DICK COLE, SIR! HE'S FOUND THE MODEL PLANE AND OBIE!

QUICKLY, DICK GIVES ALL THE NEWS BY PHONE!

SO SPIES TOOK THE MODEL AND THE YOUNG CADET! **INCREDIBLE!**

WE'LL NOTIFY THE F.B.I. AND OUR OWN INTELLIGENCE UNIT IMMEDIATELY!

THEY'RE AT 444 GOTHAM STREET! MAY I GO TOO, MAJOR?

HAVING GIVEN HIS PAL THE ALARM, DICK IS BACK—WATCHING!

THEY'VE FINISHED SENDING—NOW TO WAIT FOR REINFORCEMENTS FROM SIMBA!



OH-OH! HERE COMES ONE OF 'EM TOWARD THE DOOR!

THE TIME HAS COME TO ACT!



HURRY, KRUIZZ! GET DER CAR SO VE CAN TAKE DIS DOPE KID FOR A RIDE!

NOW DOT DER PLANE PICTURE IS IN DER FADERLAND. I MUST TANK DIS LUMBKOPF, JA!



AS KRUIZZ OPENS THE DOOR—

YOU'RE THE LEADER—SO I GET YOU FIRST!

OOOOF!



STEAL DESIGNS FROM MY WARD, WOULD YOU!

OW!

SOCK!



ONE NAZI PULLS A GUN...

I'LL KILL DIS MEDDLER!



... BUT DICK SUDDENLY WHIRLS!

HERE'S A PLACE KICK—IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

OUCH! MY HAND!



DICK REACHES FOR THE GUN, BUT...

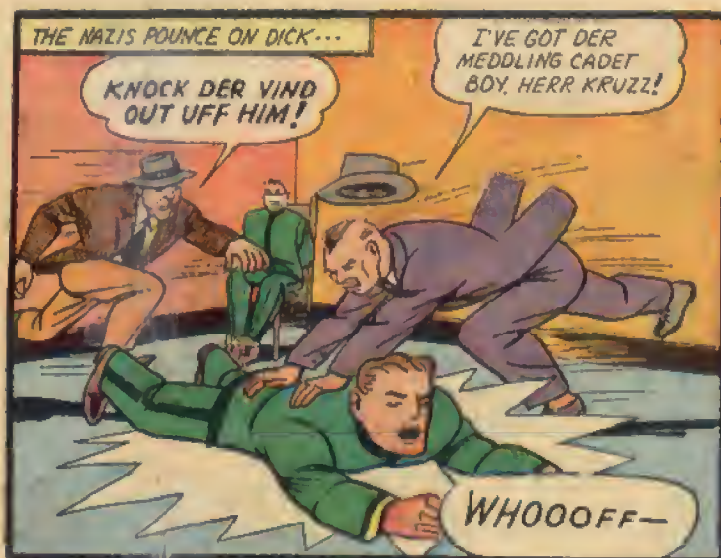
I'LL TAKE THIS—OOOPS!

DERE! I'LL TEACH YOU TO INTERFERE!

GLUG!

WHOMP





THE NAZIS POUNCE ON DICK...

KNOCK DER VIND
OUT UFF HIM!

I'VE GOT DER
MEDDLING CADET
BOY, HERR KRUIZZ!

WHOOOFF—



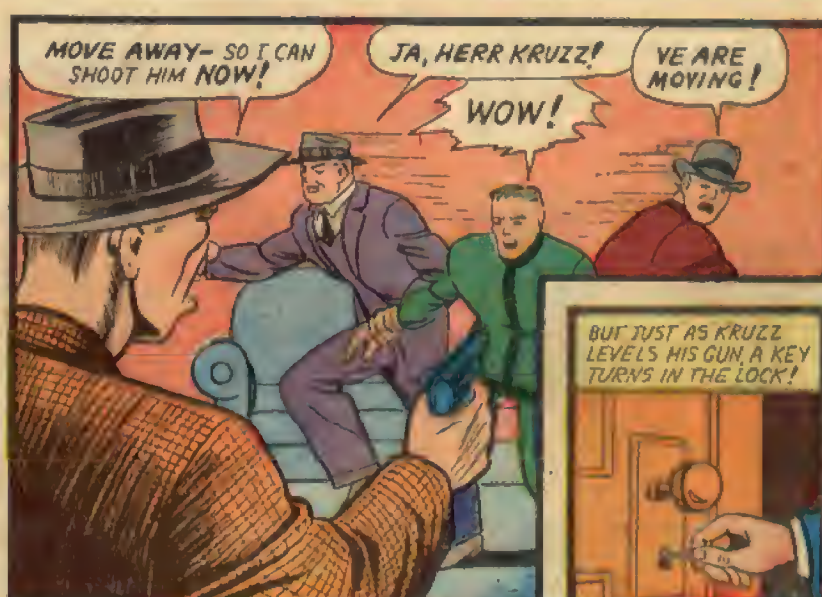
... AND FINALLY OVERPOWER HIM!

YOU'RE LUCKY THERE WERE
SO MANY OF YOU!

ACH! HE
ISS A
VILDCAT!



SO YOU KNOW VE SENT DER
MODEL PLANE DESIGN ON DER
SHORT WAVE! HAH!— VE MUST
NOW FIND A NEW HIDEOUT!—
BUT I AM FORCED TO KILL YOU
UND DER ODDER KID FIRST!



MOVE AWAY— SO I CAN
SHOOT HIM NOW!

JA, HERR KRUIZZ!

VE ARE
MOVING!

WOW!

BUT JUST AS KRUIZZ
LEVEL'S HIS GUN, A KEY
TURNS IN THE LOCK!



VOT? I HEAR DER DOOR
OPENING! WHO CAN IT BE?

COULD IT BE
SIMBA?



KRUIZZ'S SUPERIORS ENTER
SUDDENLY!

KRUIZZ—YOU
TRAITOR!

WHAT YOU
MEAN, HERR
GESTAPO
COMMANDANT?
I SERVE—

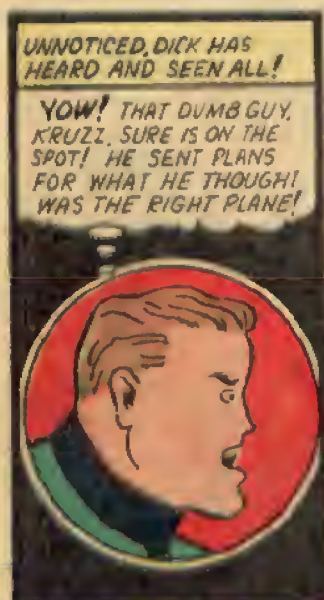
QUIET, YOU DOG!
YOU DON'T EVEN
GUARD YOUR
HOUSE—AS YOU
WERE ORDERED.

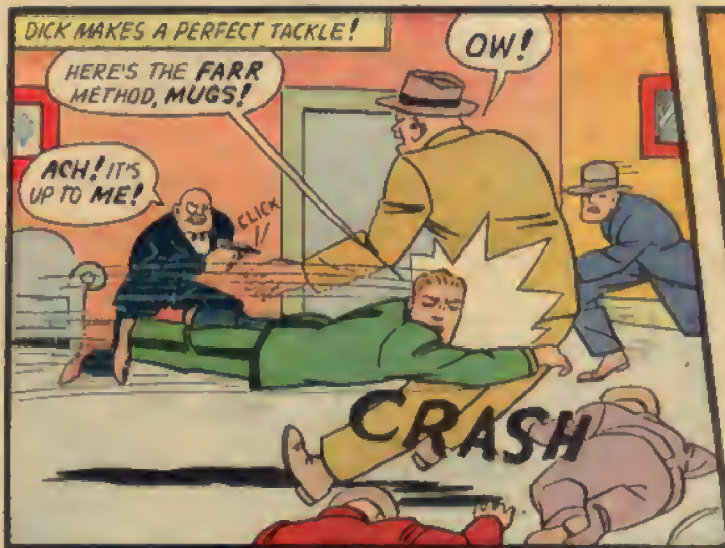


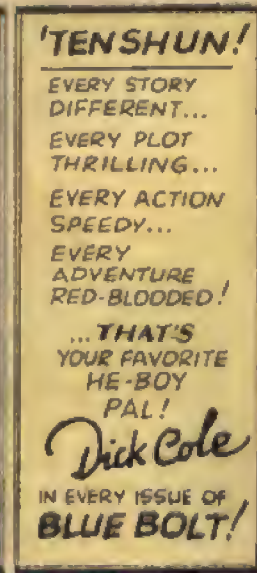
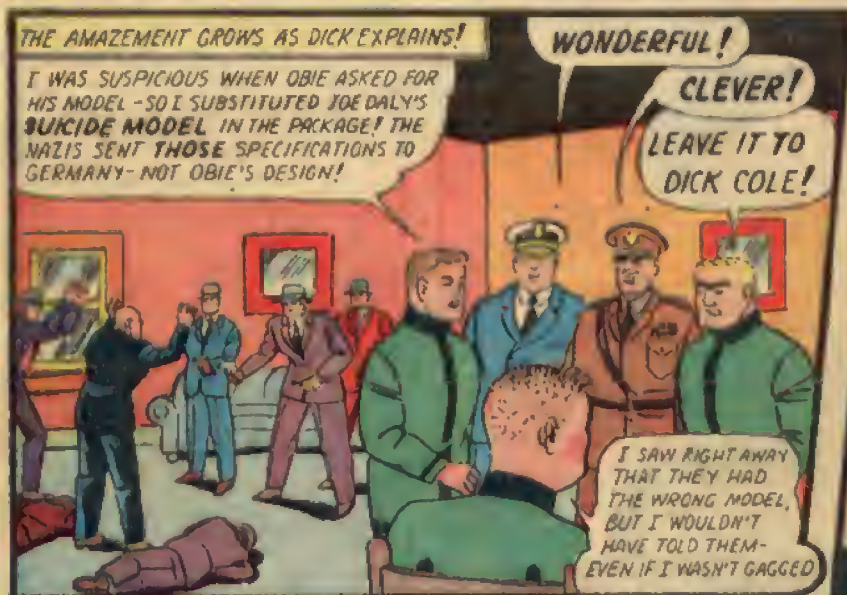
YES, DOT ISS DER
PHOTO I SENT BY
SHORT WAVE, MADE
FROM DER MODEL—
—VY—

KRUIZZ, DO YOU
TINK VE ISS FOOLS?
I SMASH D'S
MODEL—SO!

GOSH!







Sergeant Spook

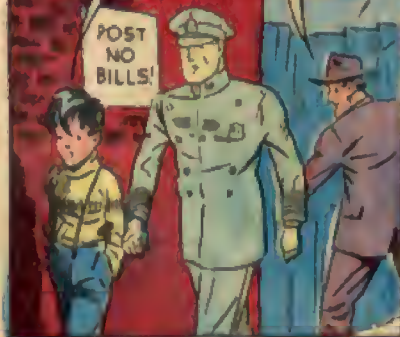


AS **SERGEANT SPOOK** AND **JERRY** IDLY STROLL DOWN THE STREET, CHATTING ---

GEE! WHAT A LAZY DAY THIS IS, HUH?

TALKING TO HIMSELF?

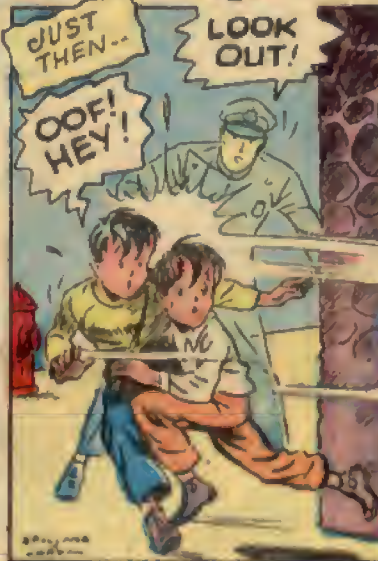
POST NO BILLS!



JUST THEN---

LOOK OUT!

OOF! HEY!



WHAT'S UP, KIDDO? WHY ALL THE TEARS?

I... I'M SCARED! GHOSTS! THE PLACE IS FULL OF GHOSTS!

IMAGINE! BEING AFRAID OF GHOSTS!

BUY WAR BONDS



I LIVE IN THE WHITFIELD MANSION. IT WAS MADE INTO AN ORPHAN ASYLUM WHEN THE OLD MAN DIED... AND EVERY NIGHT GHOSTS WALK AROUND AND GROAN! IT'S **TERRIBLE!**



HOW DO YOU **KNOW?** DID YOU **SEE** THEM?

SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THIS!



I SURE DID! BIG AND WHITE ... AND THEY LOOK **AWFUL!** I RAN AWAY! ... AND I WON'T GO **BACK!**



AT ONCE, JERRY'S NATURAL DETECTIVE INSTINCTS ARE AROUSED. SO ---

RIGHTO! IF YOU WANT ME, I'LL BE AROUND!

I THINK I'LL TAKE THIS CASE, SPOOK! MAYBE I CAN HELP THESE KIDS OUT!

AMITY ST.



THEN, JERRY FACES THE BOY AND SEES A REMARKABLE THING ...

WHAT'S YOUR NAME KIDDO?

MIKE! WHY?...

LOOK AT US! JUST LIKE TWINS! HOP OUT OF YOUR CLOTHES AN' CHANGE WITH ME! I'M GONNA BE AN ORPHAN FOR A WHILE!



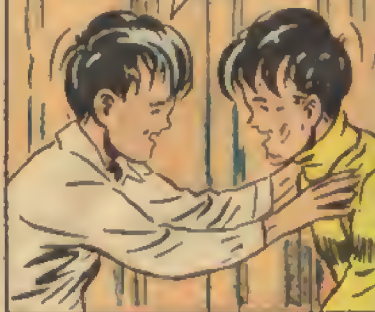
GOLLY! NOBODY COULD TELL US APART, NOW!

I HOPE NOT! -- BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



IN A JIFFY, THE TRANSFORMATION IS COMPLETE!...

I TOLD YOU HOW TO GET TO MY HOUSE. EXPLAIN TO MY MOM AND WAIT THERE TILL I GET BACK!



OKAY! SO LONG, PAL!



JERRY NEARS THE MANSION AND RUBS DIRT INTO HIS FACE TO HELP CONCEAL HIS IDENTITY---

THIS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!

NOW TO GET AFTER THOSE GHOSTS!

THEN...

JERRY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

HUH?
OH--HELLO, SPOOK! ..I CHANGED CLOTHES WITH MIKE! THIS WAY, I CAN GET INSIDE AND SEE WHAT'S UP!

JUST AS JERRY ENTERS THE WHITFIELD MANSION'S PLAY-YARD...

MIKE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN FOR THE LAST THREE DAYS? BELIEVING THAT TALK ABOUT GHOSTS, I SUPPOSE! COME RIGHT IN HERE!

OH-OH! IN TROUBLE ALREADY!

I-I WAS SCARED!

GOOD! SHE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU!

INSIDE, JERRY LISTENS INTENTLY FOR A CHANCE REMARK ABOUT "GHOSTS"...

GEE! THE LITTLE KIDS LOOK SCARED! BUT THEY'RE NOT SAYING ANYTHING! I'LL TRY THE BIG ONES!

UH-H

...THEN STRIKES UP A CONVERSATION WITH AN OLDER BOY...

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE GHOSTS?

...BET THEY'RE AFTER WHITFIELD'S TREASURE! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN IN THE HOUSE, AND NO ONE HAS EVER FOUND IT!

WHAT'S THIS? A CLUE! A GHOST WOULDN'T HAVE ANY USE FOR TREASURE!

QUICKLY, JERRY GETS TO ONE SIDE WITH SERGEANT SPOOK...

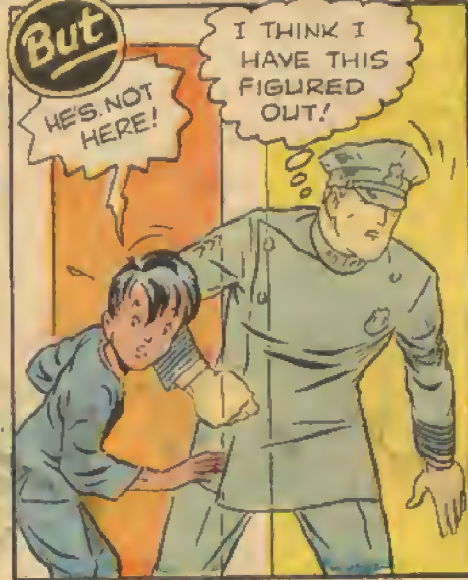
---AND SOMEONE WANTS TO SCARE THE ORPHANS OUT TO GET THE TREASURE!

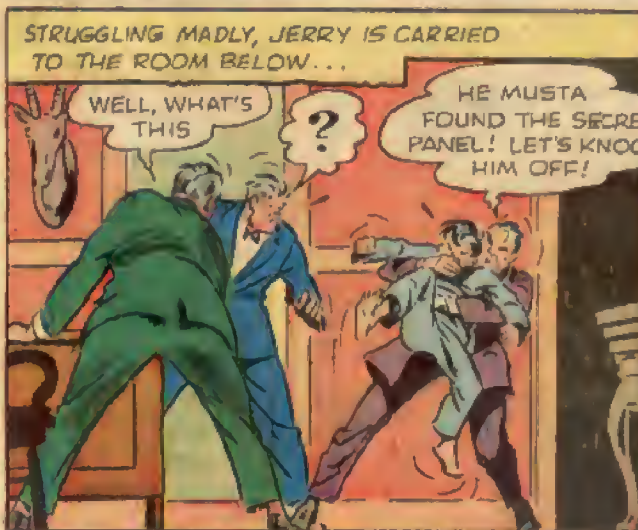
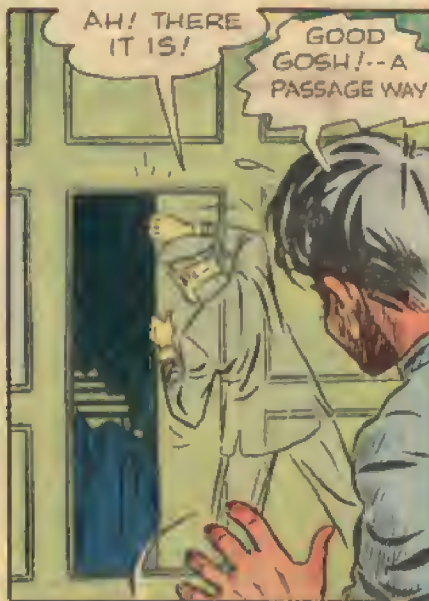
I GET IT! WE'LL SEE MORE TONIGHT!

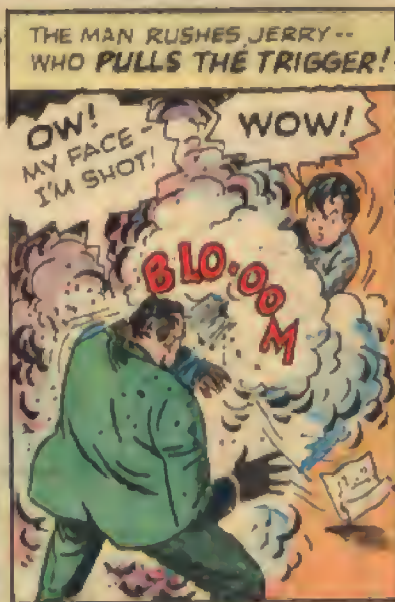
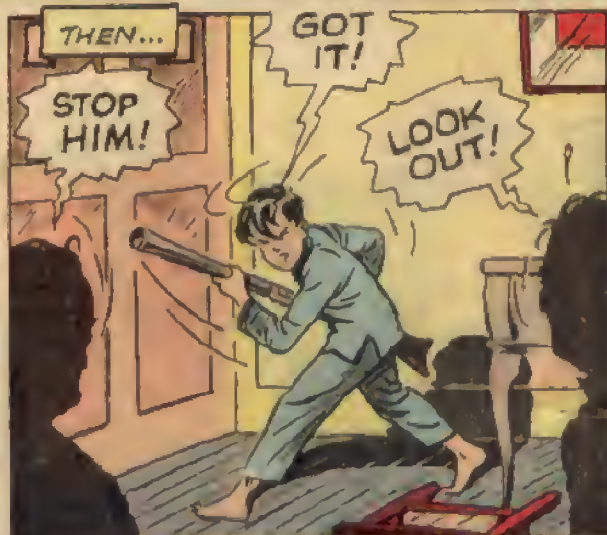
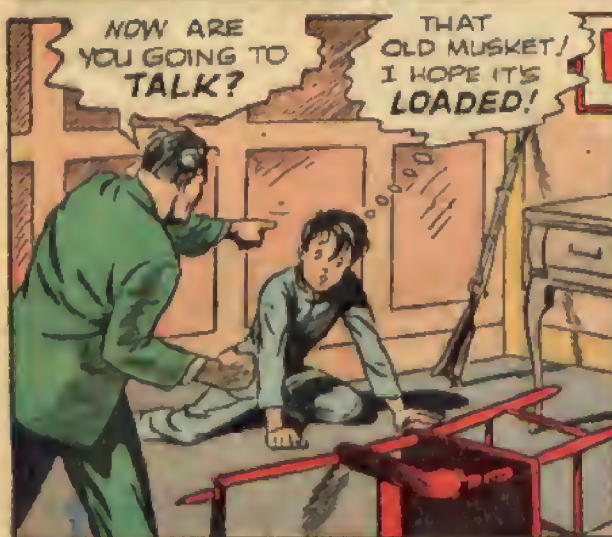
THAT NIGHT, JERRY GOES TO BED IN THE BOYS' DORMITORY...



LATER, ALL THE KIDS ARE ASLEEP... THE DOOR OPENS SOFTLY...







BUT IT WAS ONLY A POWDER BLAST! ... THERE WAS NO SHOT IN THE GUN! ... THE MEN RUSH JERRY!

I'LL BREAK HIS NECK!

LEMME GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

SPOOK! HELP!



IN COMES SERGEANT SPOOK ...

OW! WHAT HIT ME?

LESSON NUMBER ONE -- DON'T LEAD WITH YOUR CHIN!

GIVE IT TO 'EM, SPOOK!

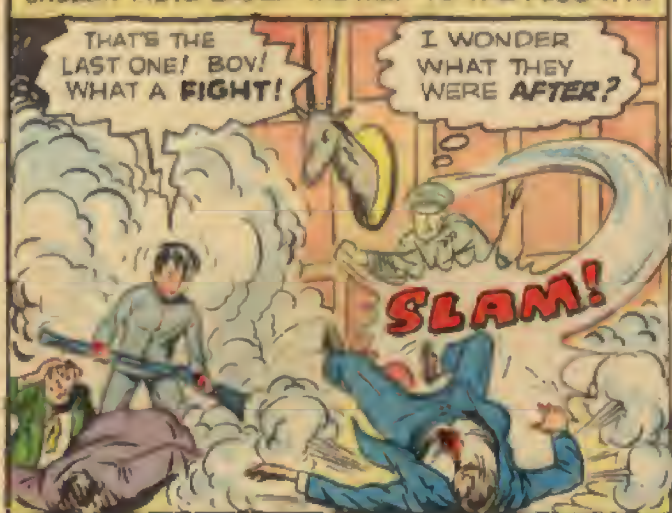


UNSEEN FISTS SMASH THE MEN TO THE FLOOR! ...

THAT'S THE LAST ONE! BOY! WHAT A FIGHT!

I WONDER WHAT THEY WERE AFTER?

SLAM!



JERRY AND SPOOK STRIP OFF THE MEN'S BELTS AND TIE THEM UP!

THAT OUGHT TO HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE!

WHAT NOW?



SERGEANT SPOOK TURNS, AND PICKS A PAPER OFF THE FLOOR ...

WHAT'S THIS?

?



IT BLEW OUT OF THE GUN BEFORE -- WHY! ... IT'S A MAP! -- JERRY, TURN THAT ANIMAL HEAD, THERE!

A MAP?



JERRY GRASPS THE HEAD, TWISTS IT, AND A PANEL OPENS!

GEE WHIZ! A BURIAL CRYPT!

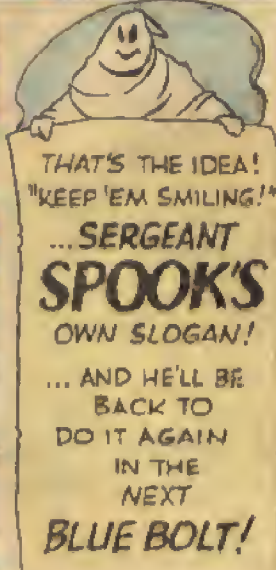
-- MUST BE WHERE THE WHITFIELDS ARE BURIED!



SPOOK PUSHES A BUTTON
... LIGHTS GLOW ... AND THE
TWO ENTER THE CRYPT!

GOLLY!
LOOK AT
THE COFFINS!

AND THE
MAP SAYS THE
FORTUNE IS
IN HERE,
SOMEWHERE!



the

PHANTOM SUB

THE GUARDIAN
OF OUR AIR LINES—
AND NEMESIS OF
THE ENEMY'S UNDER
SEA'S FLOTILLA! WHAT
NEW ADVENTURE LIES
AHEAD FOR THE
PHANTOM SUB
AND ITS DARING
CREW...



THE TIDE OF WAR IS
RISING — NEW ENEMY
CRAFT RIDE THE WAVES... SO...

SLIM, WE'D BETTER
REDESIGN THE SUB
IF WE WANT TO
KEEP UP WITH
THE AXIS!

RIGHT! I'LL
CONTACT THE
SAN FRANCISCO
YARDS AND WE'LL
PUT UP THERE!

THAT WAS
QUICK! LET'S
GET STARTED
RIGHT AWAY!

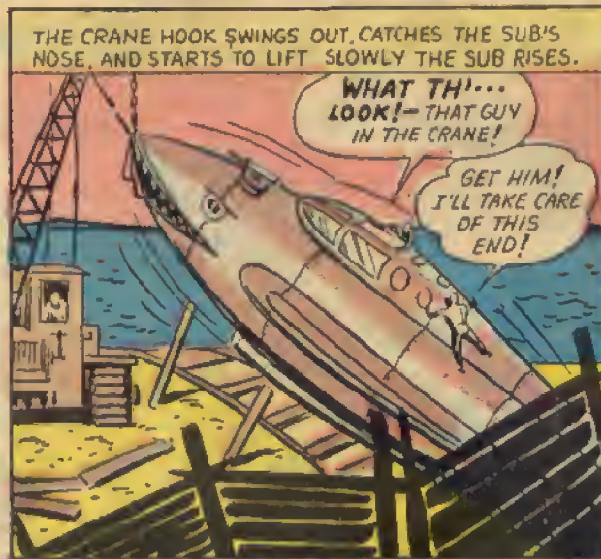
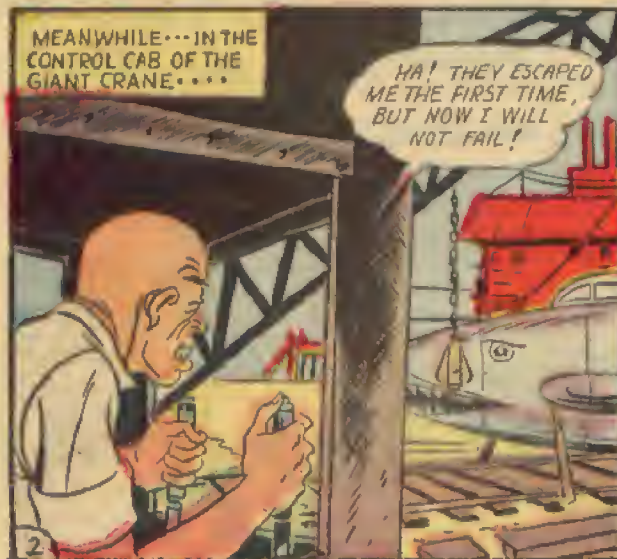
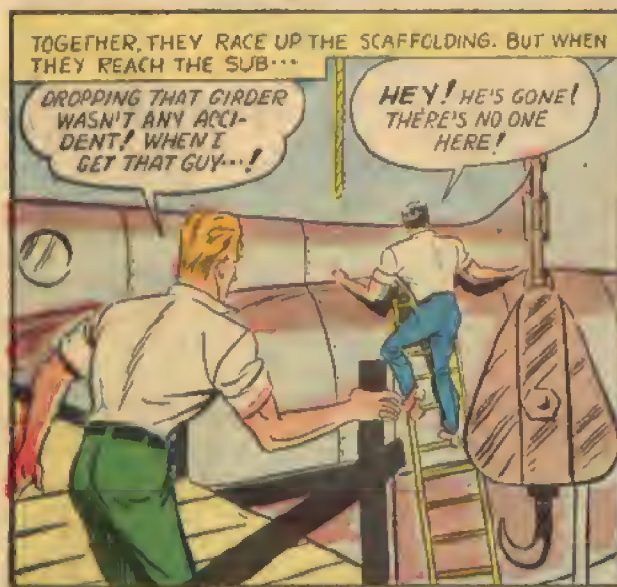


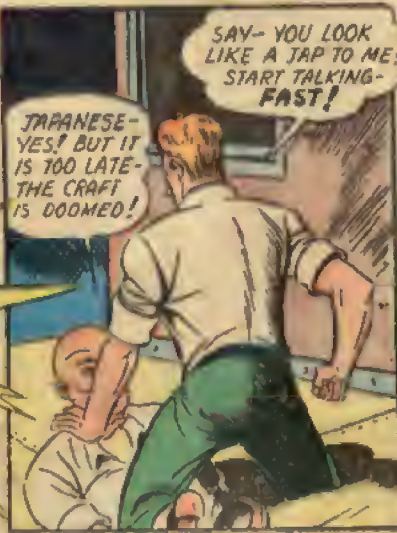
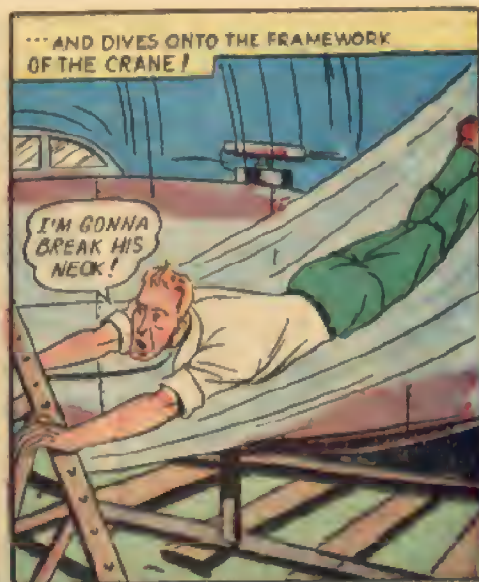
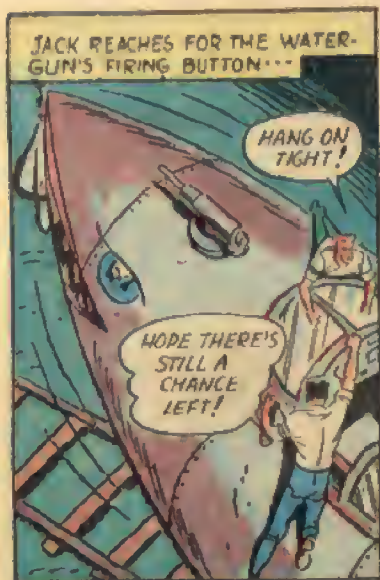
AND SO, WITH GOVERNMENT CONSENT, THE
MIGHTY SUB WINGS WESTWARD TO THE YARDS!

MEN WORK
FEVERISHLY.
THE SUB
UNDERGOES
A RADICAL
CHANGE!
MORE GUNS!
A NEW TAIL
IS INSTALLED,
AND THE
SUB NEARS
COMPLETION.

EASY NOW!
LET IT DOWN
SLOWLY!

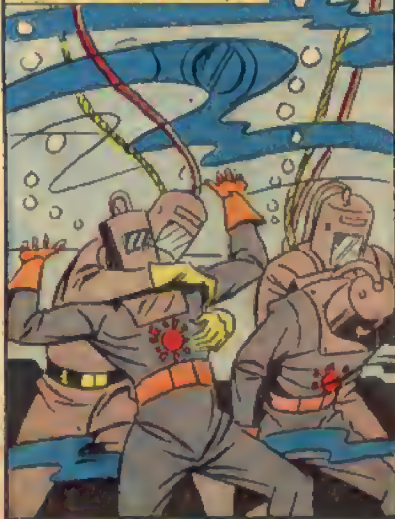








....THEN JUMP THEM! SILENTLY,
THE BATTLE RAGES!



THE BOYS SEE THE WITH FURY---
DESPERATELY, THEY TEAR INTO THE JAPS-
THEN---



...JACK RIPS OUT THE JAP'S
AIR HOSE... BUT AT THE SAME
TIME, THE JAP SLASHES THROUGH
HIS!



WHAT! MY HOSE IS CUT!
LUCKY I HAVE AN AUTO-
MATIC SHUT-OFF VALVE!

MEANWHILE, SLIM TAKES CARE OF HIS MAN IN THE
SAME MANNER---



THAT FINISHES
YOU!...GOTTA GET
JACK. ONLY EIGHT
MINUTES' AIR IN
HIS SUIT...

THINKING FAST, SLIM CUTS
HIS OWN LINE AND HOSE---
GRABS JACK, AND OPENS THE
SUB'S DIVING HATCH!



INSIDE... HE WRENCHES OFF
THE HELMETS.



BOY! ONE
MORE MINUTE
AND--- WELL,
LET'S GET
STARTED UP!

THEY LEAP TO THE CONTROLS---
THE ROCKETS BLAST ON!



LET'S GO!

I WANT TO KNOW
WHAT'S BEHIND
THIS!



Then-

SLIM! DO YOU
SEE WHAT I SEE?
A COPY OF THE
PHANTOM SUB!

FOR PETE'S SAKE!
THEY EVEN COPIED
THIS! THEY MUST
HAVE HEARD WE
WERE CHANGING
OUR DESIGN, AND
FOLLOWED US HERE!

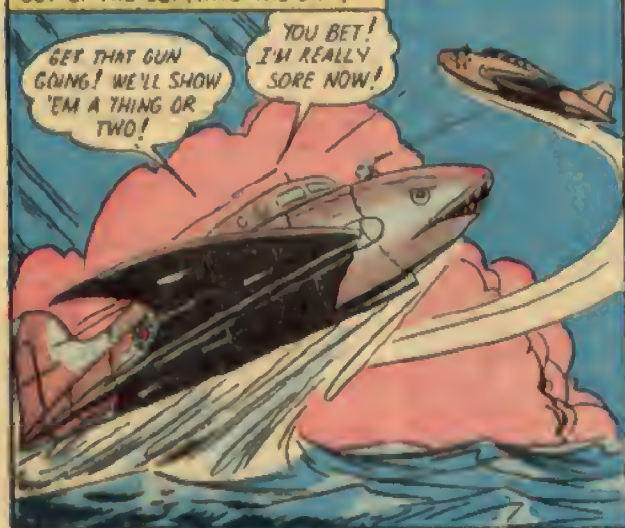
MOTORS ROAR- THE WATER SWIRLS
MADLY... AND THE CHASE IS ON!



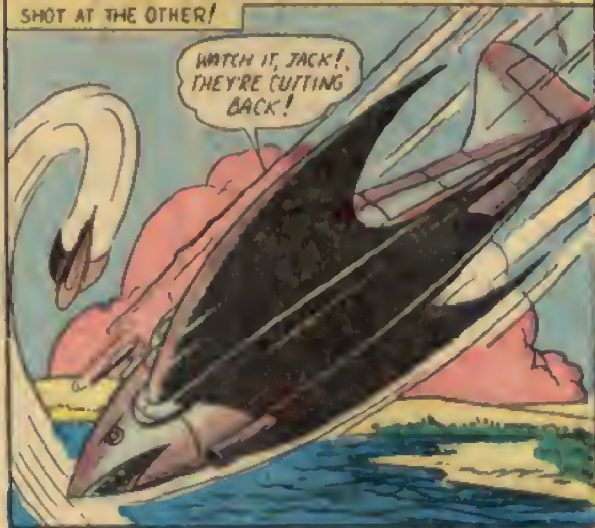
...AND THEY
TRIED TO WRECK
US, BESIDES!

THEY WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT-
LET'S GO!

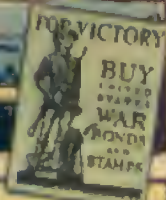
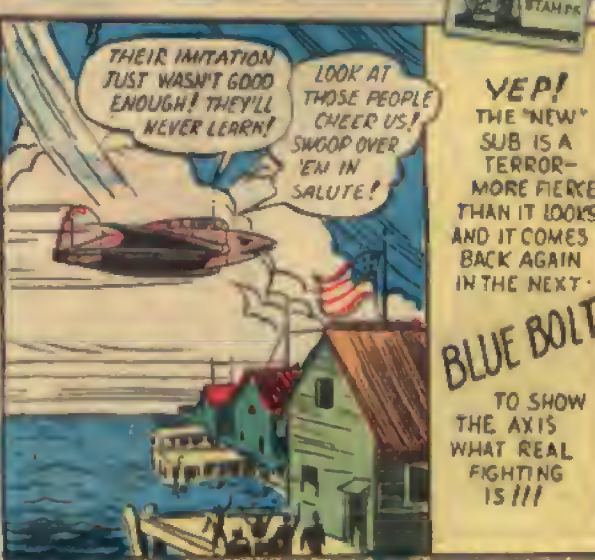
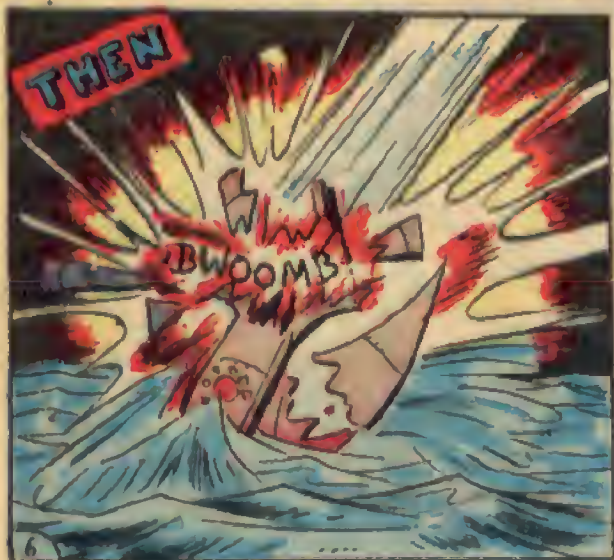
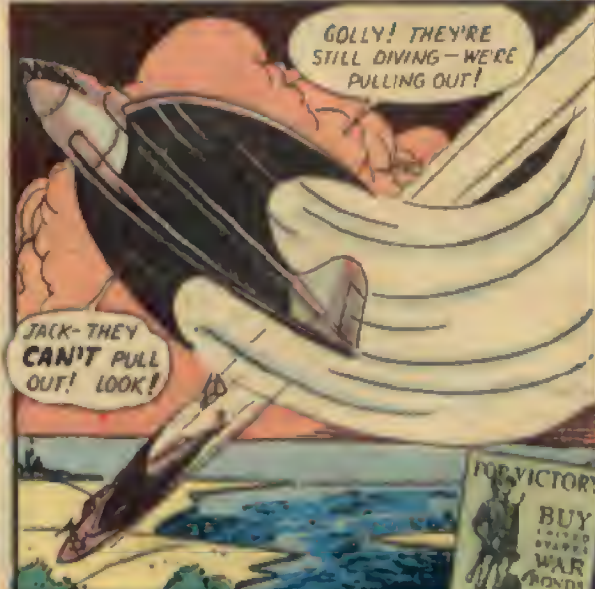
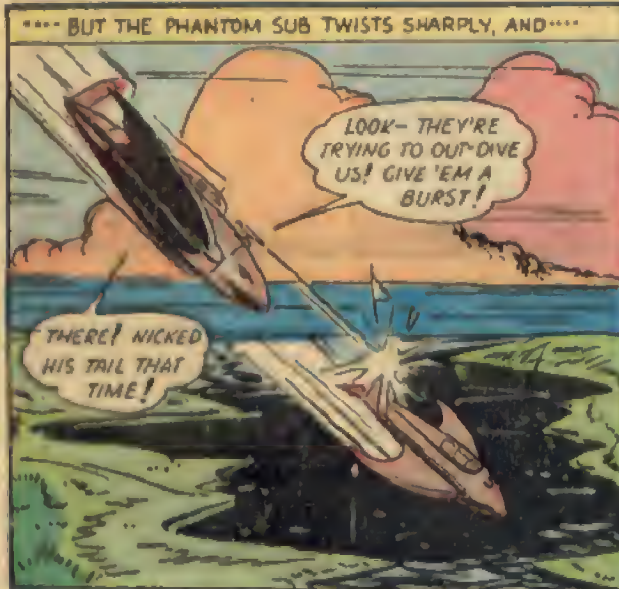
LIKE TWO PREHISTORIC MONSTERS, THE SUBS SHOOT OUT OF THE SEA, INTO THE SKY!



THEY FLASH THROUGH THE CLOUDS IN DESPERATE MANOEUVERS — EACH JOCKEYING FOR A FATAL SHOT AT THE OTHER!



.... BUT THE PHANTOM SUB TWISTS SHARPLY, AND



YEP!
THE 'NEW'
SUB IS A
TERROR-
MORE FIERCE
THAN IT LOOKS,
AND IT COMES
BACK AGAIN
IN THE NEXT

BLUE BOLT

TO SHOW
THE AXIS
WHAT REAL
FIGHTING
IS !!!

KRISKO and JASPER

KEEP YOUR
SKIIVIES ON
AND DRIVE
THIS TIN FISH.
I'LL DO TH'
LOOKIN' AND
THINKIN'!

LOOK SHARP, COWBOY!
WE MAY FIND GOOD
HUNTIN' IN THESE
WILD WATERS!

by
JACK A.
WARREN

BLUE
BOLT

PUT
PUT

YOU'RE MUSTANGIN' THIS
PIG-BOAT - AND THAT'S
MASKEE TO ME - BUT
YOU'D BETTER STOP
SHOOTIN' TH' BREEZE
AND HUNT A BIRD BOAT -
CHOP-CHOP!

FLASH
GENERAL MACARTHUR
IS CONCENTRATING
ALL FORCES IN THE
SOUTHERN WATERS.
ATTENTION ALL
UNDERSEA
CRAFT!

SAYS THE RADIO

YOU MUD
DRINKERS
HAD BETTER
SPLIT TH' SEA-
DUST FOR TH'
SOUTH -

COME ON NOW,
ALL HANDS TO
BATTLE STATIONS,
FULL STEAM
AHEAD!

FOR ONCE I AGREE
WITH YOU. GOOD
OLD MAC - HERE
WE COME!

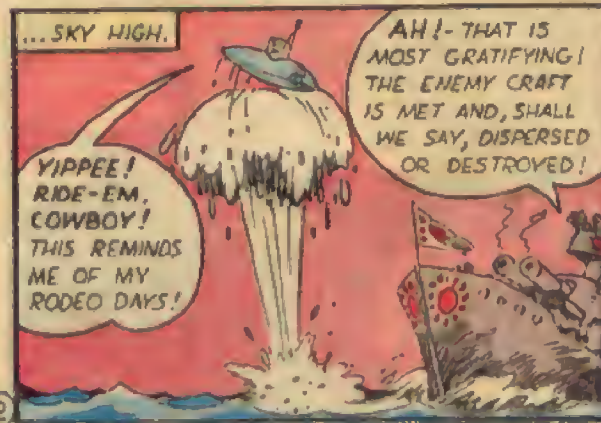
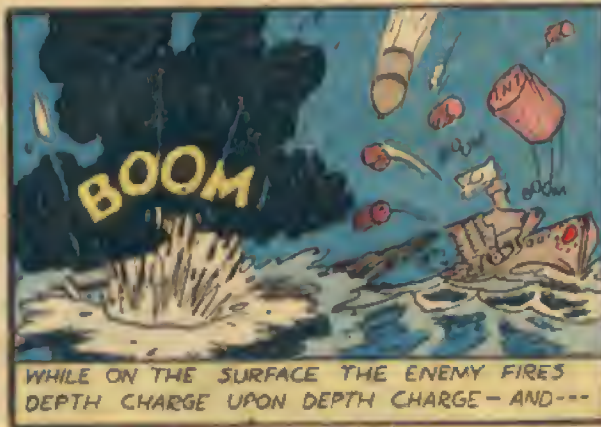
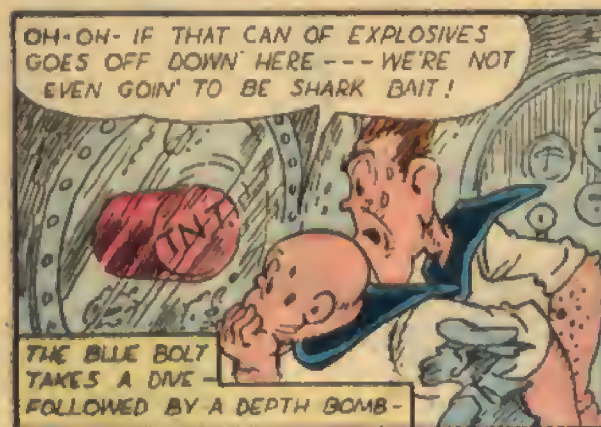
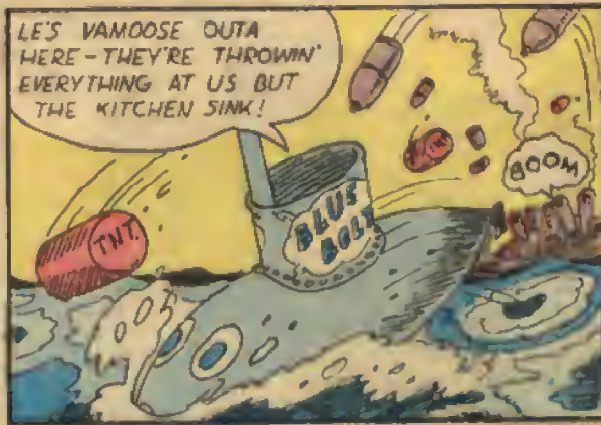
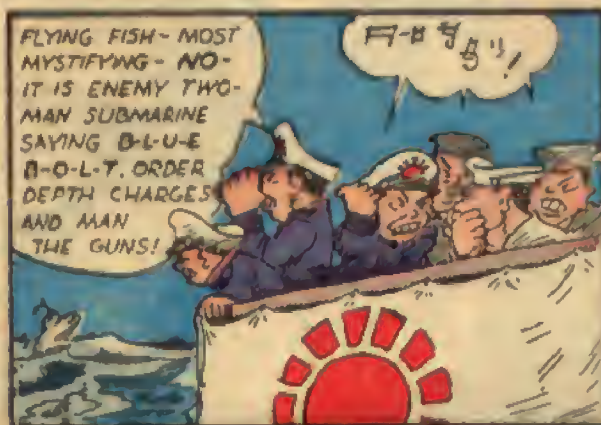
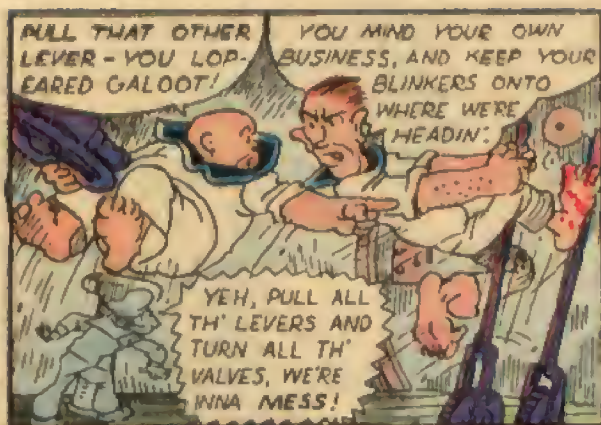
LET'S
GO!

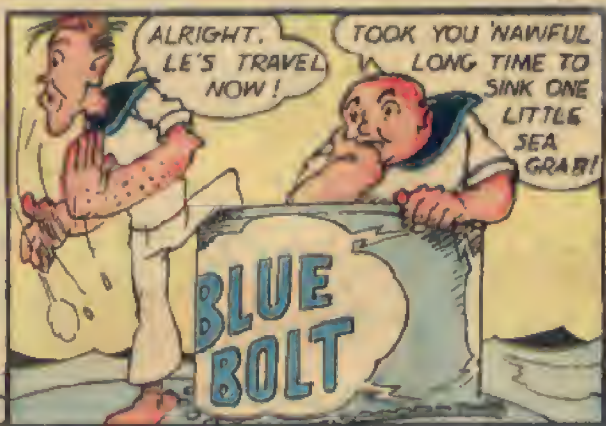
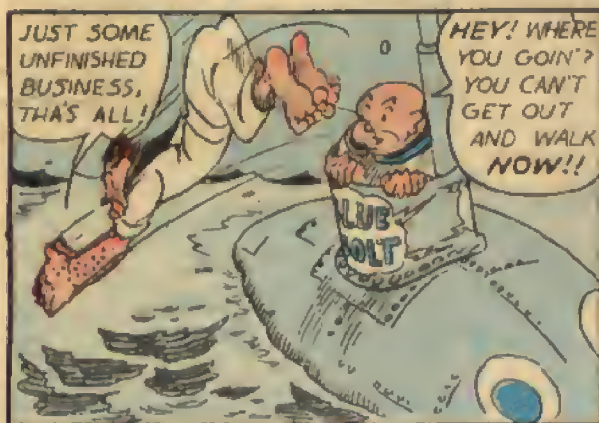
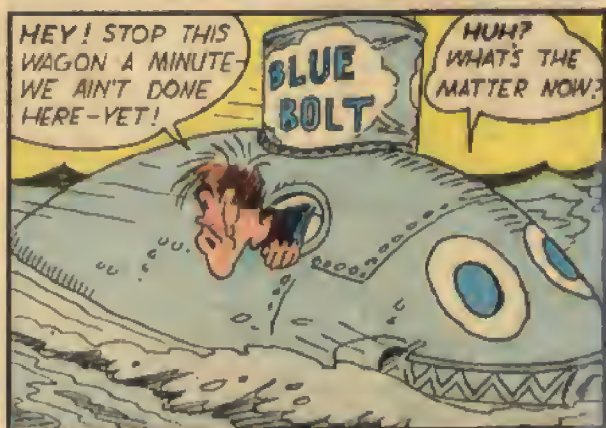
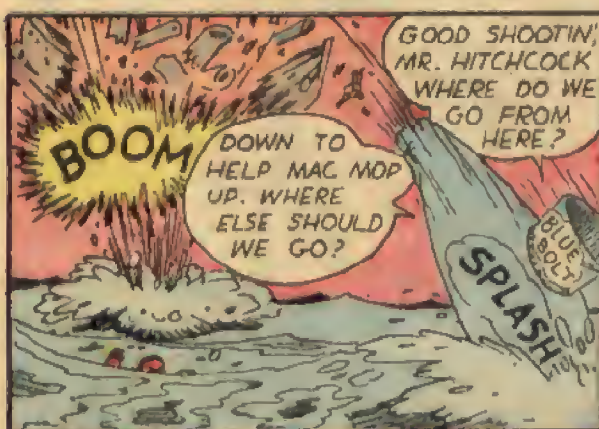
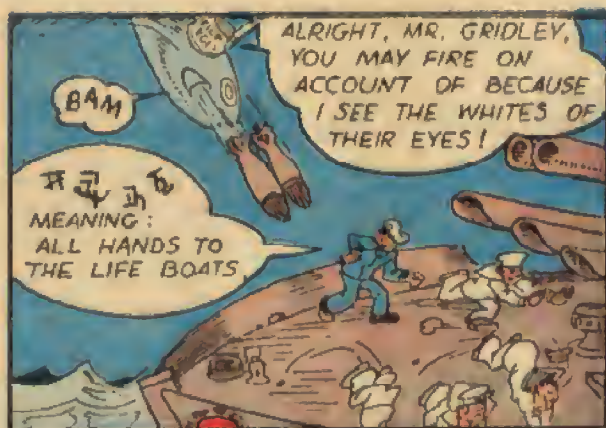
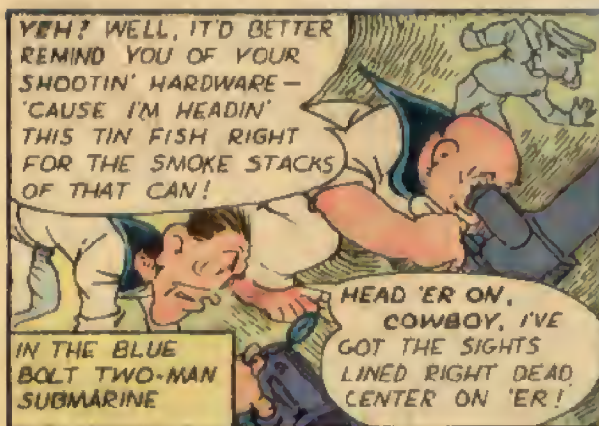
DIVE! PRONTO!
THERE'S AN ENEMY
CAN! - I SEE IT
THROUGH TH'
PERISCOPE!!

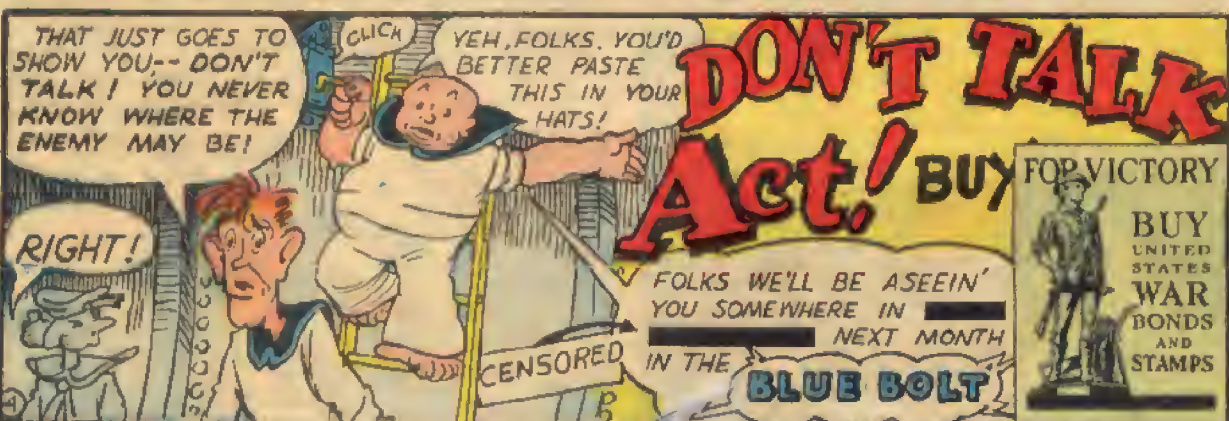
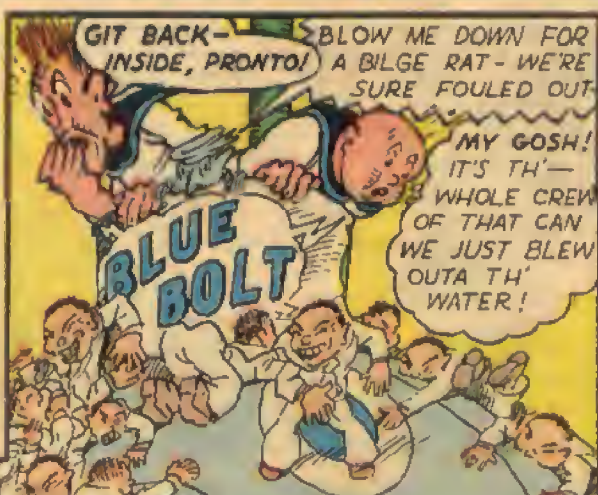
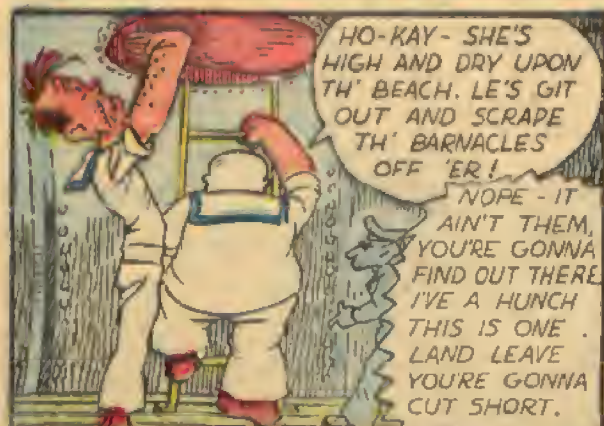
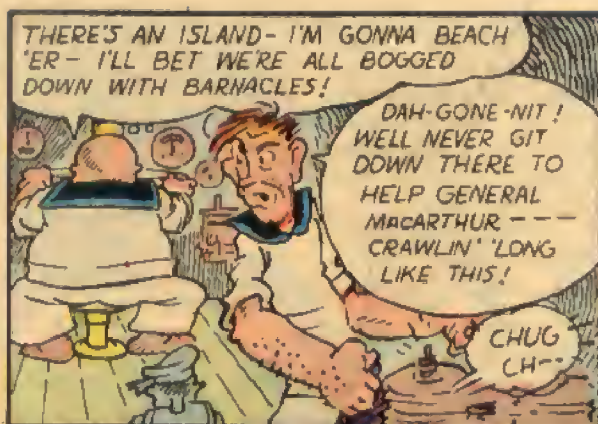
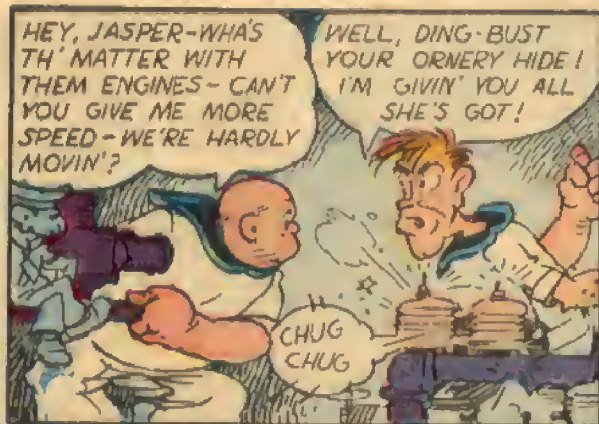
NO! DON'T
DIVE! FIRE
A TORPEDO
INTO 'ER
INNARDS!

YOU TWO EAR-
BANGIN' DECK
APES AIN'T GONNA
HELP GENERAL
MACARTHUR BY
RUNNIN' AWAY FROM
ONE LONE CAN -
UP AN' AT 'EM
'S MY MOTTO!

DAH-GONE
AND -G-RR!
I PULLED TH'
WRONG
LEVER!!
WE'RE
GONNA HIT
BOTTOM!







SUB-ZERO AND FREEZUM

ARRIVE AT THE TRACK JUST IN TIME...

WHEN DO THEY STARTUM? ME CAN'T WAIT!

DON'T RACE YOUR MOTOR! THEY'LL BE OUT ANY MINUTE/ SOME CROWD, EH?



THEN OUT COME THE HORSES!

THERE HE IS -- NUMBER 12! HE SEEMS AWFULLY CALM!

THAT NO LOOK RIGHT! HIM SHOULD JUMP AROUND A BIT!



EVEN WITH THE EXCITEMENT AT THE POST, THE WONDER HORSE IS EXTRAORDINARILY CALM



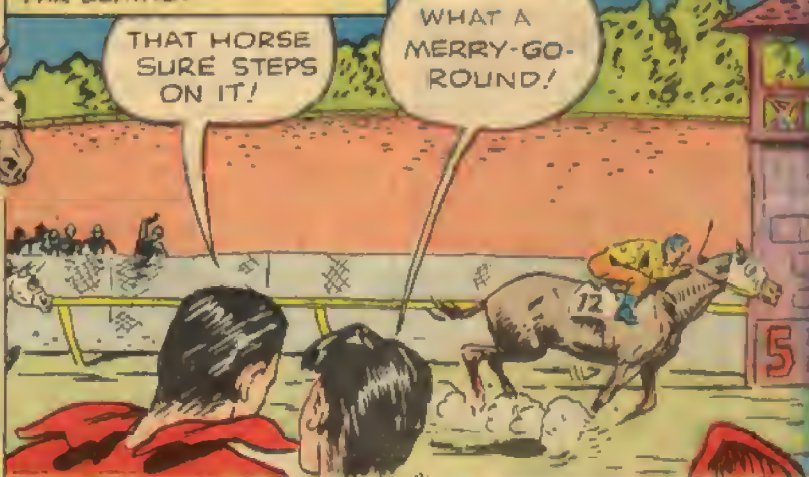
THEY'RE OFF! IMMEDIATELY, RUNAWAY LEAPS AHEAD -- OUTDISTANCING ALL THE OTHERS!



AND RUNAWAY WINS! THE REST OF THE FIELD IS FAR BEHIND!

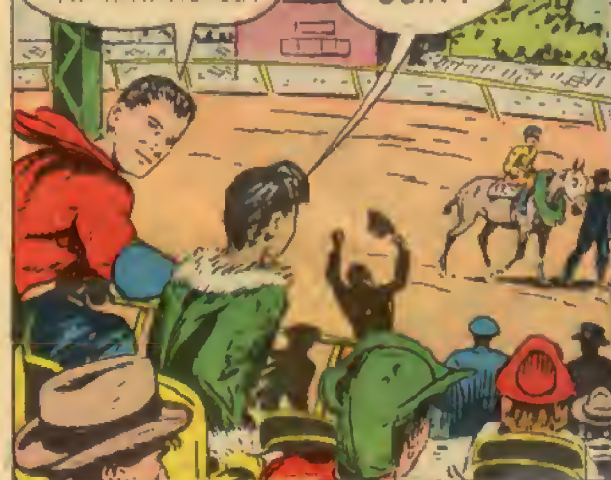
THAT HORSE SURE STEPS ON IT!

WHAT A MERRY-GO-ROUND!



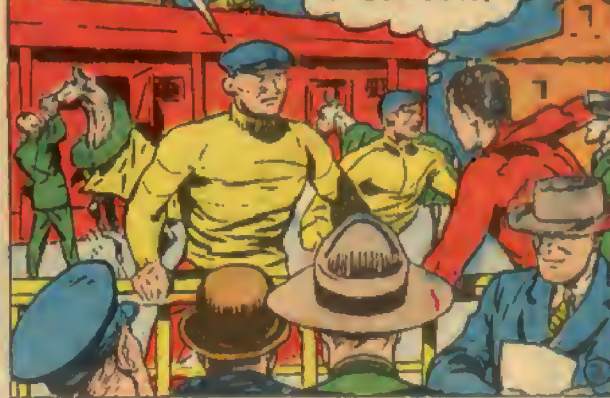
COME ON, FREEZUM! I WANT A LOOK AT THAT HORSE!

HOKAY! LET'S GETTUM GOIN'!



SCRAM, BUD! NO VISITORS ALLOWED HERE!

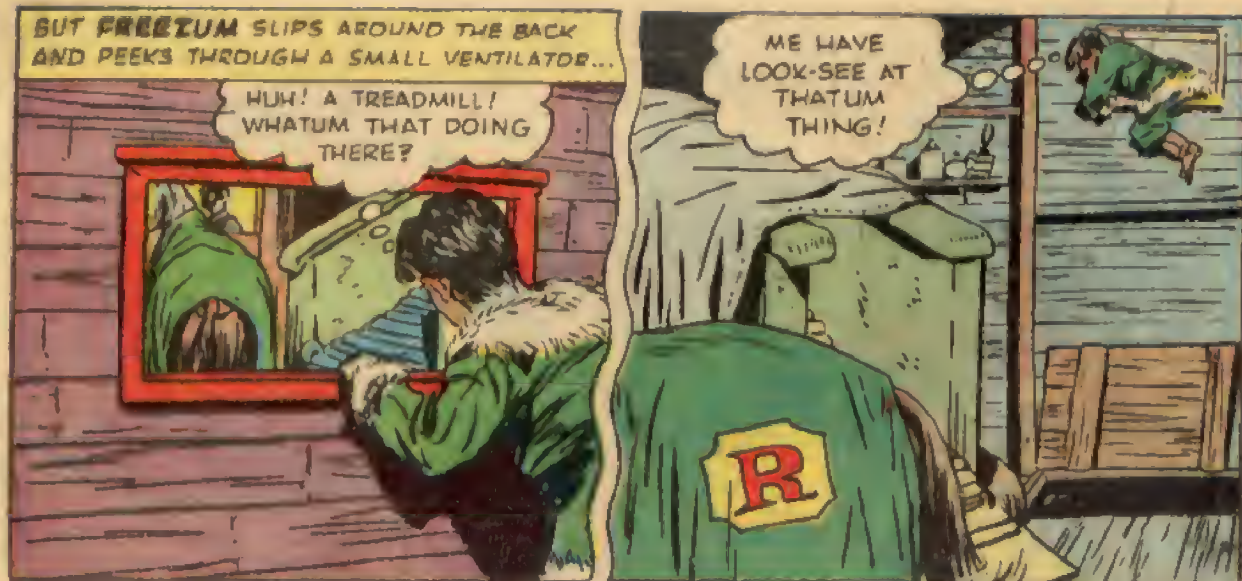
OH -- NO? THERE IS SOMETHING FUNNY! WONDER WHY RUNAWAY IS SO PEPPY ALL OF A SUDDEN?



BUT FREEZUM SLIPS AROUND THE BACK AND PEEKS THROUGH A SMALL VENTILATOR...

HUH! A TREADMILL!
WHATUM THAT DOING
THERE?

ME HAVE
LOOK-SEE AT
THATUM
THING!



FREEZUM DROPS FROM THE
WINDOW, NOT NOTICING THE
OPEN TRAP-DOOR BELOW IT...

HEY!
WHA ---!

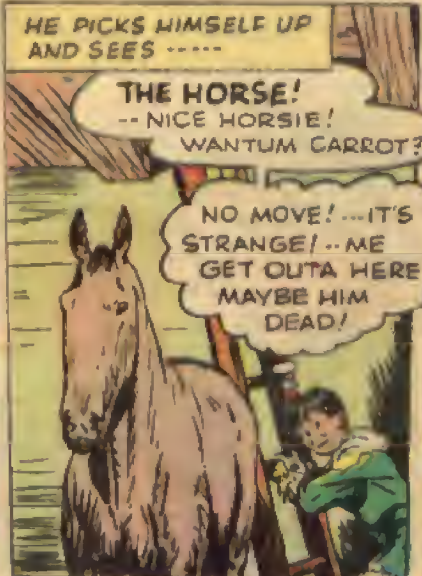


AND LANDS IN A SMALL CELLAR!

HE PICKS HIMSELF UP
AND SEES -----

THE HORSE!
-- NICE HORSE!
WANTUM CARROT?

NO MOVE! ...IT'S
STRANGE! -- ME
GET OUTA HERE
MAYBE HIM
DEAD!



PUZZLED, FREEZUM SCRAMBLES
UP AND CLIMBS OUT THE
WINDOW, BUT -----

YOU! --
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN' THERE?
I'LL BREAK
YOUR NECK!

WOW! ME
IN
SPOTTUM!



FREEZUM FALLS TO THE GROUND!
THE JOCKEY DIVES ON TOP OF HIM!

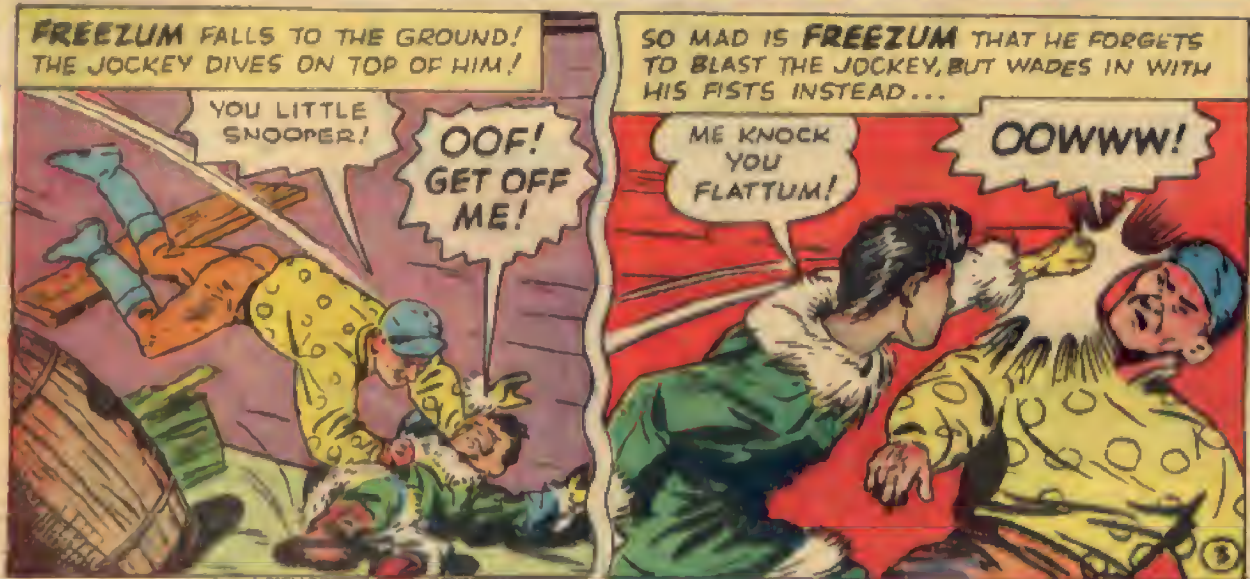
YOU LITTLE
SNOOPER!

OOF!
GET OFF
ME!

SO MAD IS FREEZUM THAT HE FORGETS
TO BLAST THE JOCKEY, BUT WADES IN WITH
HIS FISTS INSTEAD...

ME KNOCK
YOU
FLATTUM!

OOWWW!



SUB-ZERO HEARS THE FIGHT, AND DASHES BEHIND THE STALLS. THERE



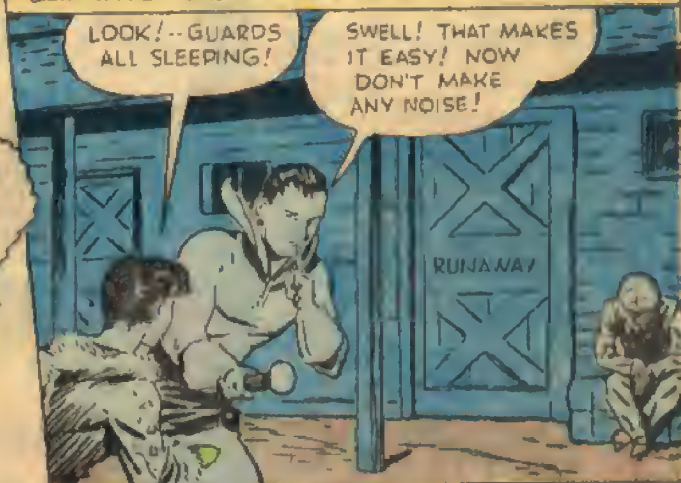
..SUDDENLY, WITH A HARD WRENCH, THE JOCKEY PULLS FREE AND RUNS!



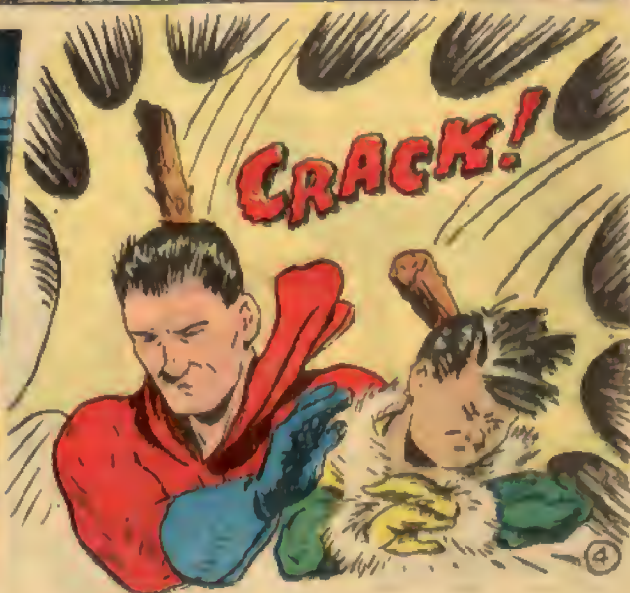
A TREADMILL, EH? AND A MOTIONLESS HORSE! UP ABOVE ANOTHER NAG ALL SWEATED UP! BY GOSH! NO ... I WONDER? I'LL FIND OUT TONIGHT!



LATE THAT NIGHT, **SUB-ZERO** AND **FREEZUM** SLIP INTO THE STABLE YARD



STEALTHILY, **SUB-ZERO** OPENS THE DOOR AND TURNS ON THE LIGHT ...



HOURS LATER ...



A SHARP TUG, AND THE FROZEN ROPES PART!



A SECOND LATER -- THE PAIR FIRE A COLD BLAST AT THE DOOR -----



--AND THEN THEY MADE ME TAKE YOU OUT HERE. YOU'RE ABOUT THREE MILES FROM THE TRACK, AND THE RACE GOES ON AT 4 O'CLOCK!

IT'S ALMOST THAT TIME NOW! WE'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS ALL NIGHT. GET IN THAT TRUCK, YOU!



QUICKLY, THE CROOKS ARE TOSSED INTO THE TRAILER.

SOME LOAD, WE GOTTUM!

THERE'S MORE COMING, A BIG-SHOT STABLE OWNER, A JOCKEY AND A TAXIDERMIST!



MINUTES COUNT -- THE CAR AND TRAILER RIP ALONG THE ROAD -- AND AT LAST REACH THE RACE TRACK!

WE'RE IN TIME -- THERE'S RUNAWAY GOING ONTO THE FIELD!



THE PAIR JUMP OUT BY THE TRACK POLICE STATION AND RUN DESPERATELY TOWARD THE INFIELD ---

HOLD THE MEN IN THE TRAILER! THEY'RE CROOKS!

WHAT THE DICKENS IS THIS ANYWAY?



HURRY! GET DOWN BEHIND THE POST!

HOKAYUM! TELL WHEN TO BLAST!



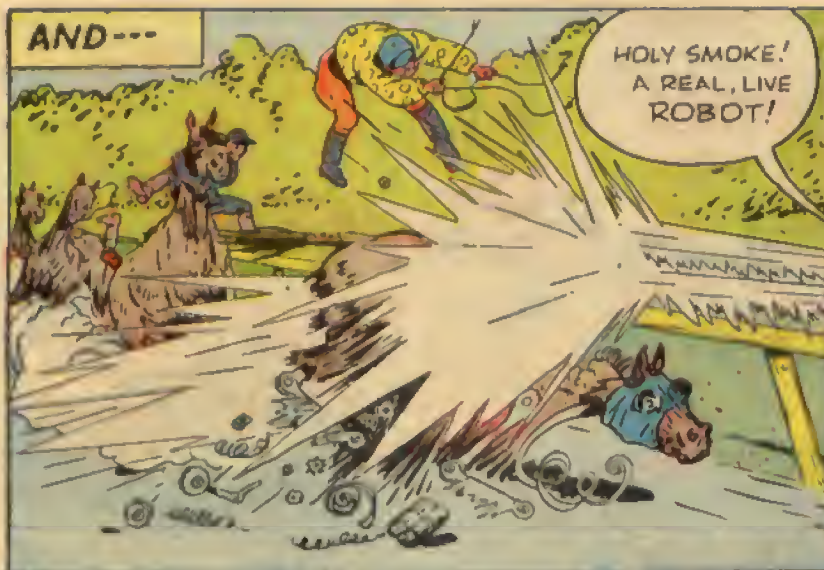
THEY'RE OFF! RUNAWAY LEADS THE REST DOWN THE STRETCH!...



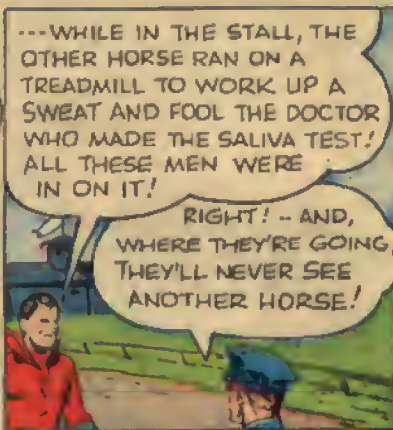
LET IT GO!

GOTTUM!





WHILE THE CROWD IS BEWILDERED, **FREEZUM** DIVES ON THE JOCKEY, AND **SUB-ZERO** TEARS TOWARD MIKE CORBETT, THE OWNER OF RUNAWAY!



SUB-ZERO WILL BE BACK AGAIN --NEXT ISSUE--WITH ANOTHER CHILLING ADVENTURE STORY!

The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

THE WHITE RIDER,
WHILE ON VACATION,
FOLLOWS THE
TRAIL OF A
MOUNTAIN LION,
AND—

LOOK AT THAT
BIG CAT, CLOUD!

HEY—
RIDER!

A NEW KIND OF IMMIGRANT
MOVES WESTWARD.
"SOD-BUSTERS" IS THE
RANCHERS' NICK NAME FOR
THEM— AND THE RANCHERS
ARE DETERMINED TO DRIVE
THEM FROM THE COUNTRY.
A TEXAS RANGER, NAMED
WHITE RIDER, AND HIS
SUPERHORSE, CLOUD,
PROVE, HOWEVER, THAT THE
SOD-BUSTERS ARE WORTH
THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

WELL, RIDER, YOUR VACATION IS OVER.
ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS ARE FOR
YOU TO GO TO SUN VALLEY. THERE'S
TROUBLE BREWING THERE, BETWEEN
THE RANCHERS AND
FARMERS.

CHECK, CHUCK! WE'LL
BE HITTING THE TRAIL
RIGHT SMART! I'D
RATHER HUNT SKUNKS
ANYHOW... EH, CLOUD?

MEANWHILE, AT A RANCH
IN SUN VALLEY...

WOULDN'T IT BE
SWELL IF WE COULD
GET MARRIED?

YES, BUT DAD
WOULD NEVER
GIVE HIS CONSENT.
HE HATES YOU
FARMERS.

NANCY!

OH!—THERE'S
DAD!



YUH'VE BEEN MEETIN' THAT YOUNG SOD-BUSTER, TED GRANT, AGIN. I'LL FIX HIM TO-MORRER!

BUT, DAD, I LOVE TED!



THE NEXT DAY--

I WARNED YOU TO GET OUTA THIS COUNTRY! NOW I'M GONNA SHOW YOU I MEAN IT!

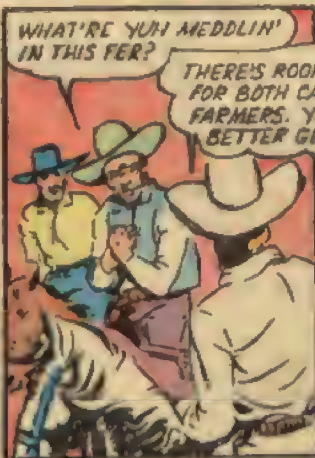


I'D BETTER STOP THAT RANCHER, BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING HE'LL BE SORRY FOR.



WHITE RIDER, TEXAS RANGER, IS A SURE SHOT!

A TEXAS RANGER!



WHAT'RE YUH MEDDLIN' IN THIS FER?

THERE'S ROOM IN THIS COUNTRY FOR BOTH CATTLEMEN AND FARMERS. YOU RANCHERS BETTER GET THAT INTO YOUR HEADS.



IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN ONE RANGER TO STOP US!

BEAT IT, OR I'LL BEAT YOU!

THANKS, RANGER, FER SETTLIN' THE TROUBLE.



THE TROUBLE IS JUST STARTING...LOOK! YOUR BARN! IT'S ON FIRE!



HURRY, CLOUD! HANG ON BOY!



WHAT HAPPENED?

A COWBOY THREW A CIGARETTE INTO THE HAY!



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL.

YES. IT DIDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE - BUT I'M GOING TO RIDE INTO TOWN AND GIVE THOSE CATTLEMEN SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

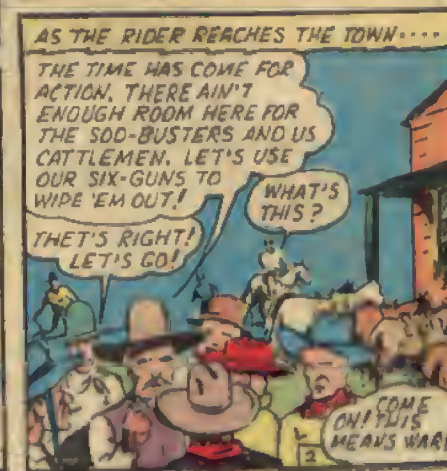


GOOD LUCK, RANGER!

YUH CAN COUNT ON US IF YUH NEED HELP.

BLESS YUH!

THANKS...GIT, CLOUD.



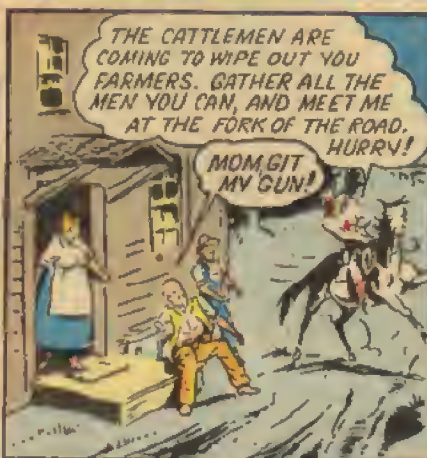
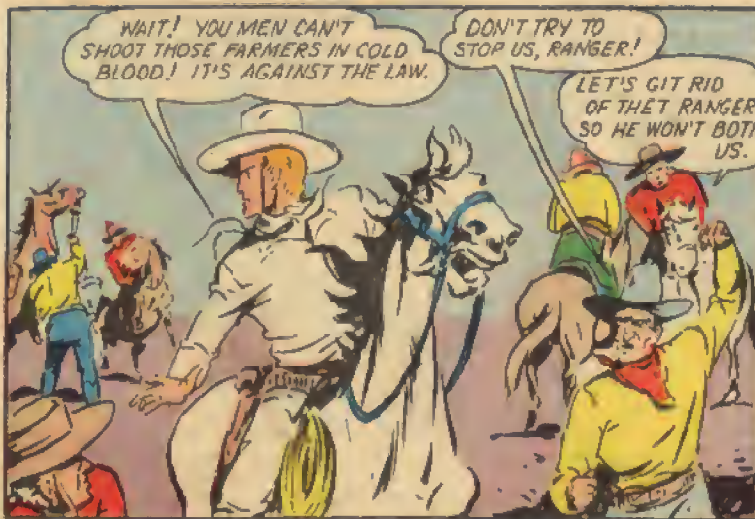
AS THE RIDER REACHES THE TOWN....

THE TIME HAS COME FOR ACTION. THERE AIN'T ENOUGH ROOM HERE FOR THE SOD-BUSTERS AND US CATTLEMEN. LET'S USE OUR SIX-GUNS TO WIPE 'EM OUT!

WHAT'S THIS?

THAT'S RIGHT! LET'S GO!

COME ON! THIS MEANS WAR!





WE AIN'T LICKED YET!

YOU CATTLEMEN GIT BACK TO TOWN. I'LL JAIL THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU IF ANYTHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS AGAIN.



I'M GOING TO HURRY BACK TO TOWN. I WANT TO BE THERE WHEN THE CATTLEMEN RETURN, IN CASE THEY TRY TO COOK UP SOME MORE TROUBLE.

YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL! THEY'LL TRY TO AVENGE THIS.



THE CATTLEMEN HEAR SOME BAD NEWS WHEN THEY COME TO TOWN.

THE FOOD SHIPMENT HASN'T ARRIVED. THERE HAS BEEN A DROUGHT BACK EAST, AND THERE IS GOING TO BE A FOOD SHORTAGE.

WE'LL ALL STARVE TO DEATH.



THIS IS MY CHANCE TO SHOW THE RANCHERS HOW WRONG THEY ARE



BLAINE DISMOUNTS TO LEARN ABOUT THE COMMOTION.
QUICK, CLOUD! COME HERE! I WANT THE LARIAT.



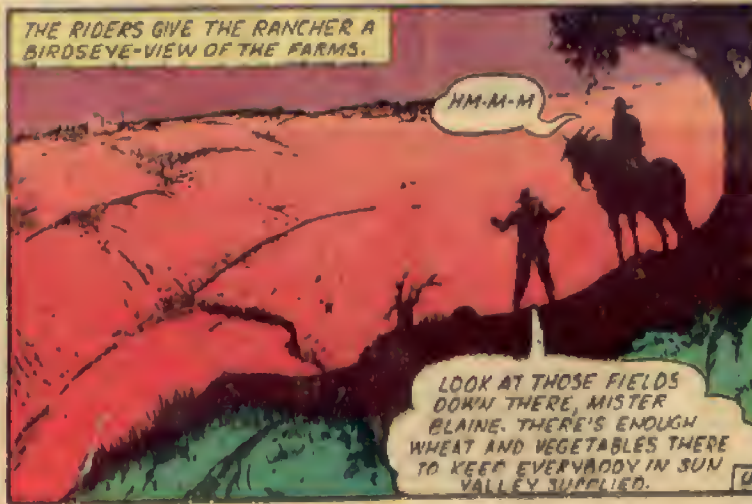
KEEP QUIET, MISTER BLAINE, IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL

HEY, WHAT IS THIS?



THIS IS KIDNAPPIN'! WHERE YUH TAKIN' ME?

I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT A BLIND FOOL YOU'VE BEEN.



THE RIDERS GIVE THE RANCHER A BIRDSEYE-VIEW OF THE FARMS.

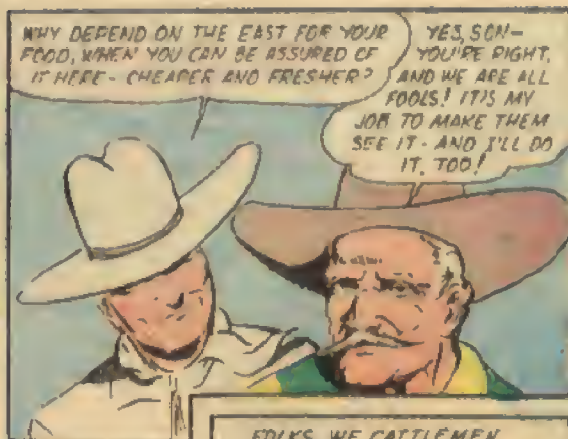
HM-M-M

LOOK AT THOSE FIELDS DOWN THERE, MISTER BLAINE. THERE'S ENOUGH WHEAT AND VEGETABLES THERE TO KEEP EVERYBODY IN SUN VALLEY SUPPLIED.



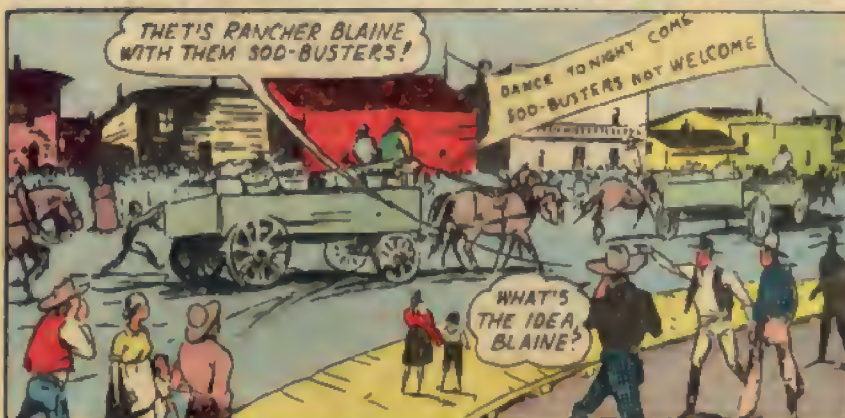
THE CHICKENS AND THE EGGS THEY GIVE ARE GOOD TO EAT, TOO, MISTER BLAINE.

BY GOLLY, RANGER, YOU'RE RIGHT! US CATTLEMEN HAVE BEEN FOOLS!



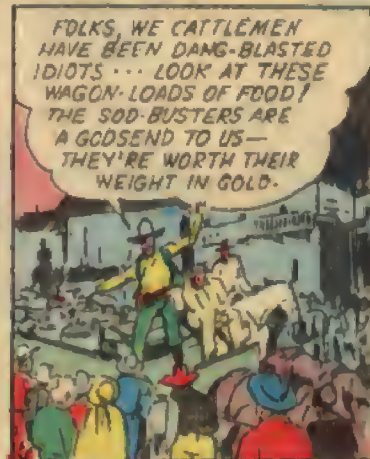
WHY DEPEND ON THE EAST FOR YOUR FOOD, WHEN YOU CAN BE ASSURED OF IT HERE - CHEAPER AND FRESHER?

YES, SON - YOU'RE RIGHT, AND WE ARE ALL FOOLS! IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE THEM SEE IT - AND I'LL DO IT, TOO!



THAT'S RANCHER BLAINE WITH THEM SOD-BUSTERS!

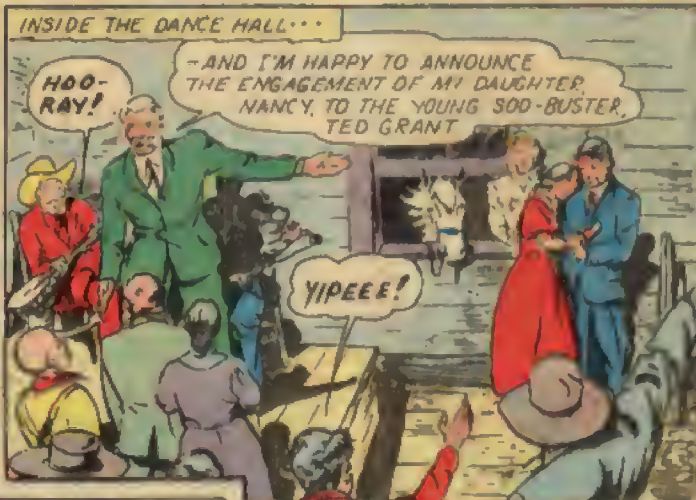
WHAT'S THE IDEA, BLAINE?



FOLKS, WE CATTLEMEN HAVE BEEN DANG-BLASTED IDIOTS ... LOOK AT THESE WAGON-LOADS OF FOOD! THE SOD-BUSTERS ARE A GODSEND TO US - THEY'RE WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.



LET'S HURRY! THE DANCING HAS BEGUN.

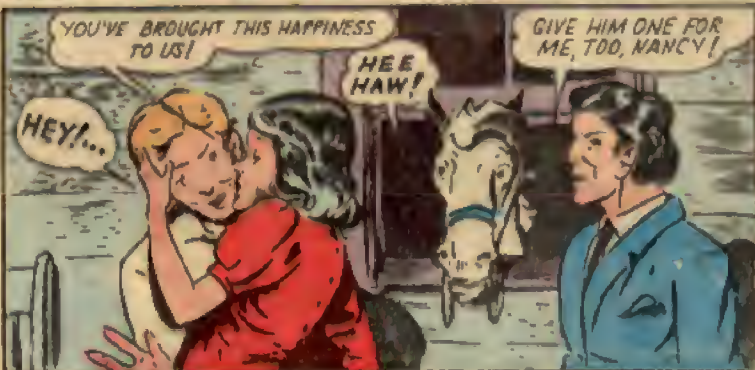


INSIDE THE DANCE HALL...

HOO-RAY!

-AND I'M HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THE ENGAGEMENT OF MY DAUGHTER, NANCY, TO THE YOUNG SOD-BUSTER, TED GRANT

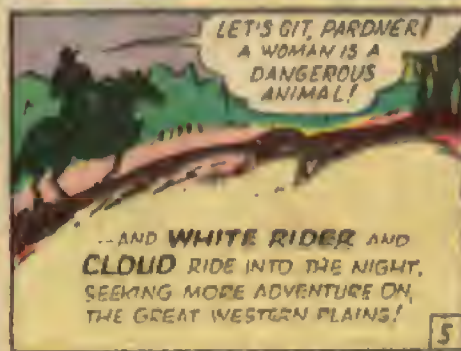
YIPPEE!



YOU'VE BROUGHT THIS HAPPINESS TO US!

HEE HAW!


GIVE HIM ONE FOR ME, TOO, NANCY!



LET'S GIT, PARDNER! A WOMAN IS A DANGEROUS ANIMAL!

...AND WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD RIDE INTO THE NIGHT, SEEKING MORE ADVENTURE ON THE GREAT WESTERN PLAINS!


OLD CAP HAWKINS' *true TALES*



JOEY, THE GREATEST
BATTLE CRY OF OUR TIMES
WAS HURLED AT THE
ENEMY BY **GENERAL
MACARTHUR** WHEN
HE LEFT THE
PHILIPPINES TO
COMMAND THE
ALLIED
FORCES!


PEARL HARBOR... A SCENE OF
TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION! DEATH
POURS FROM THE SKIES, WHILE,
ON THE GROUND, GUNS BLAZE
AWAY AT THE ENEMY! -- AND
HEROES ARE BORN!

"WE'LL BE BACK!"



DARING DOCTORS
AND NURSES WORK
VALIANTLY IN THE FACE
OF HORRIBLE DEATH...

...AND SHORTLY TO BE THE
MAN OF THE HOUR --
GENERAL MACARTHUR!



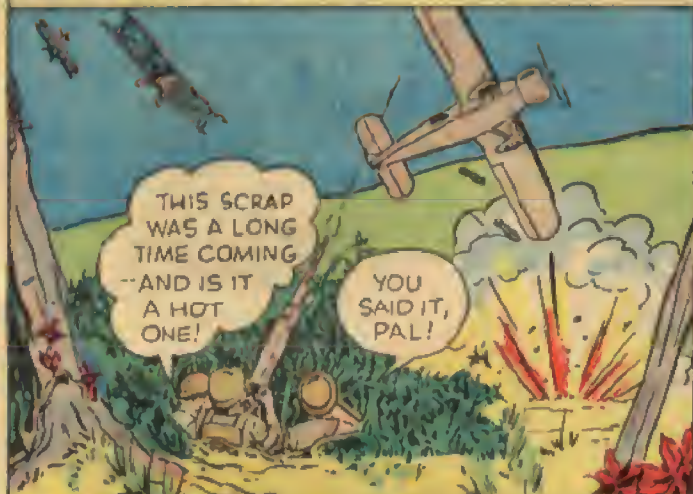
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PEARL HARBOR ATTACK, THE THEATRE OF WAR SHIFTED TO THE PHILIPPINES, AND ON LUZON THE SOLDIERS BORE THE BRUNT OF THE INITIAL WAVE OF INVADERS!...



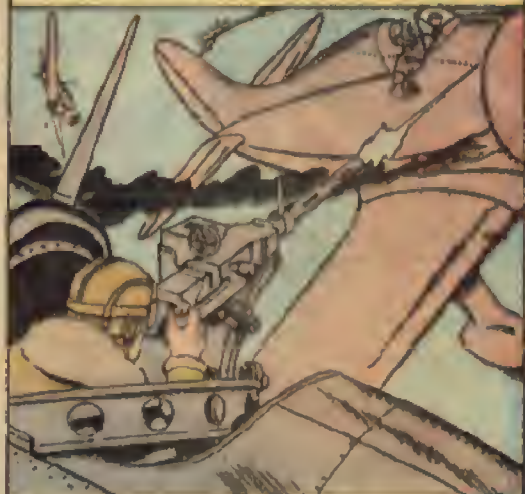
THEN-- A RETREAT IS ORDERED BY GENERAL MACARTHUR, BUT IT IS A CRAFTY ONE. THE JAPS CHARGE -- ONLY TO BE AMBUSHED BY MACHINE-GUN CREWS!...



...WHILE OTHERS BLAST AWAY AT DIVE BOMBERS FROM CLEVERLY CONCEALED FOX-HOLES!



THE SKIES BLAZE WITH TRACER FIRE AND FLAMING PLANES!



AND ON THE SEA ... LIGHTNING-FAST TORPEDO BOATS RIP INTO JAP WARSHIPS!...



AS THE AMERICANS FALL BACK, UP COME THE TANKS! DARINGLY THEY CHARGE INTO THE INVADING FORCES!



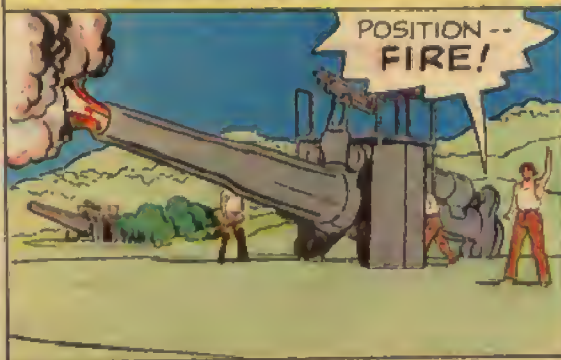
FINALLY, AFTER MONTHS OF HEAVY FIGHTING, THE AMERICANS MADE A LAST STAND ON BATAAN, WHILE OTHERS MOVED BACK TO CORREGIDOR...

THE JAPS'LL LOSE A LOT OF MEN BEFORE THEY TAKE US NOW!

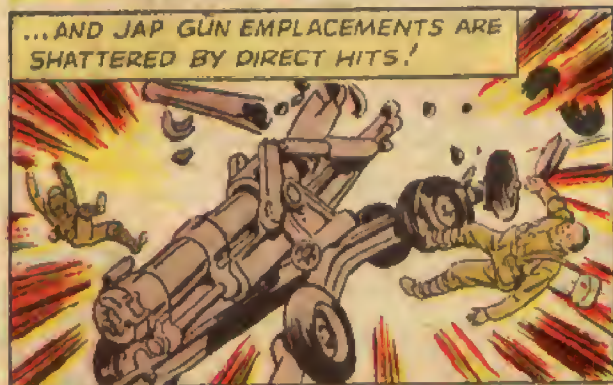


THERE, ON "THE ROCK," HUGE LONG-RANGE GUNS WENT INTO ACTION ---

POSITION -- FIRE!

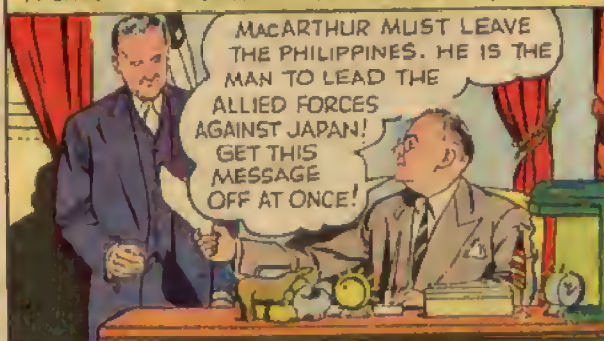


...AND JAP GUN EMPLACEMENTS ARE SHATTERED BY DIRECT HITS!



A SHORT TIME LATER -- WASHINGTON, D.C. ...

MACARTHUR MUST LEAVE THE PHILIPPINES. HE IS THE MAN TO LEAD THE ALLIED FORCES AGAINST JAPAN! GET THIS MESSAGE OFF AT ONCE!



SO GENERAL MACARTHUR AND A SMALL STAFF BOARDED THE TORPEDO BOATS -- AND, LED BY LIEUT. JOHN D. BULKELEY, RAN THE GAUNTLET OF JAP FIRE AND DASHED SOUTH!

HERE WE GO! HANG ON TIGHT!



AND AT THE LOWER TIP OF MINDANAO THEY HOPPED INTO A HUGE BOMBER FOR THE FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA!

I SURE HATE TO LEAVE, BUT PERHAPS IT IS BETTER THIS WAY!



BEHIND THEM, THE WEARY DEFENDERS OF BATAAN AND "THE ROCK" FALL BEFORE HORDES OF JAPS, REACHING CORREGIDOR WITH LANDING BARGES AFTER THE DEFENDERS' FOOD AND AMMUNITION IS EXHAUSTED!

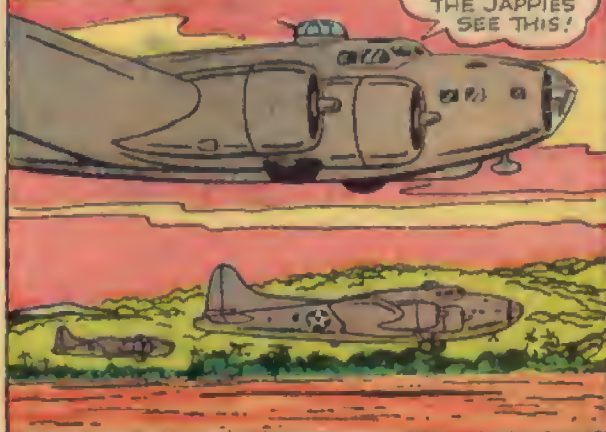
降参兵

COME ON! THERE'S STILL A FEW MORE SHOTS IN THIS GUN!



BUT THE FIGHT IS NOT OVER!--FROM SECRET BASES IN THE PHILIPPINES, AMERICAN BOMBERS TAKE OFF -----

JUST WAIT TILL THE JAPPIES SEE THIS!



...AND, SKIMMING ALONG AT LOW ALTITUDES, BOMB JAP TROOP CONCENTRATIONS TO ATOMS! THE MEN OF NIPPON ARE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!

LOOK! THEY'RE TOO AMAZED TO FIRE BACK!

WHEE! RIGHT ON THE NOSE!



THEN--FROM AUSTRALIA COMES MACARTHUR'S FLEET OF PLANES. JAP INTERCEPTORS DIVE ---

KNOCK 'EM DOWN, BOYS! THEY'RE COLD MEAT!

THERE GOES ANOTHER!



BUT THE AMERICAN GUNNERS ARE TOO MUCH FOR THEM! SHIPS OF THE RISING SUN BECOME FLAMING COFFINS!

WOW! HERE COMES THE LAST ONE--AND THERE HE GOES!



AND THEN -- A GREAT DAY ARRIVES! TOKYO IS BOMBED! AMERICA STRIKES--AND STRIKES AGAIN!



IN AUSTRALIA, DIRECTING THE GREAT BATTLE, GENERAL MACARTHUR HURLED A CHALLENGE TO THE AXIS ---

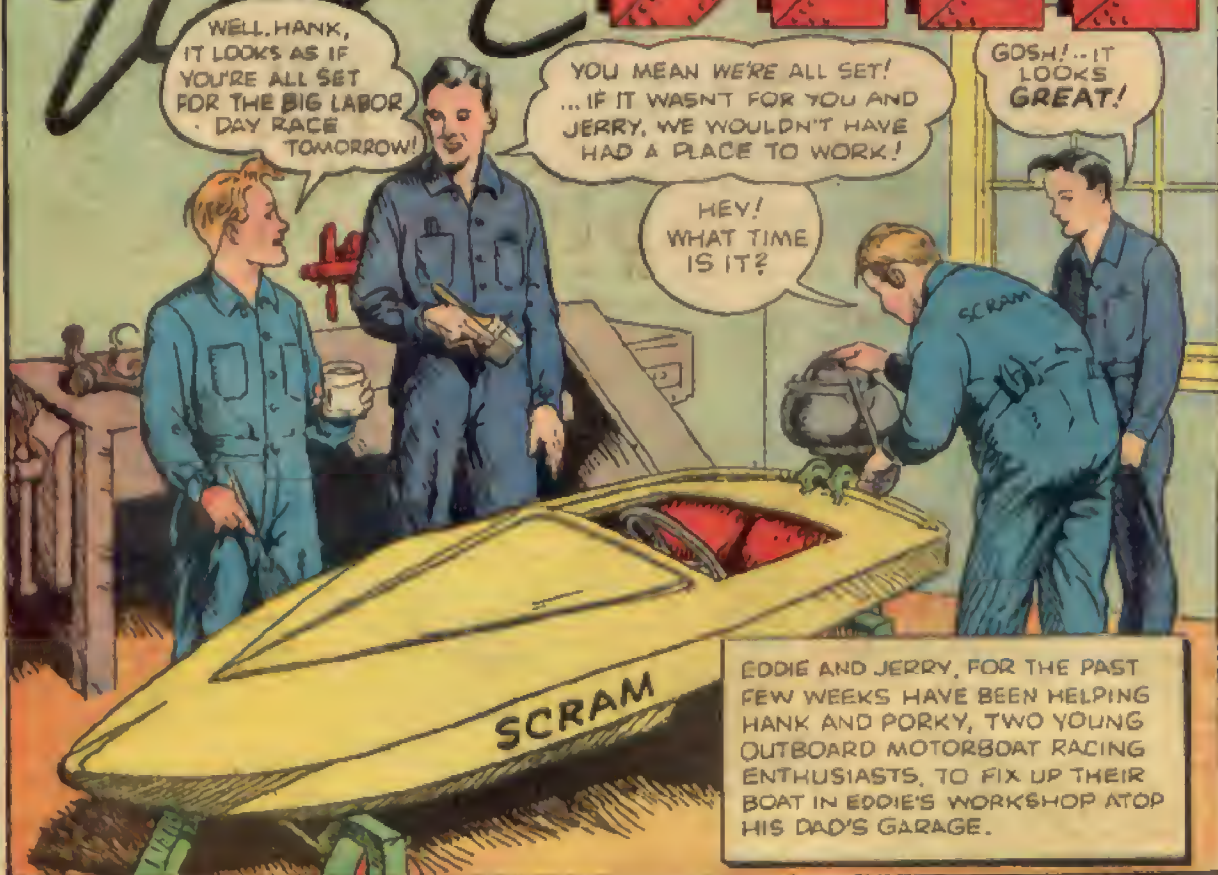
...AND LET ME SAY TO THE WORLD--
WE'LL BE BACK!

AND HE MEANT IT!

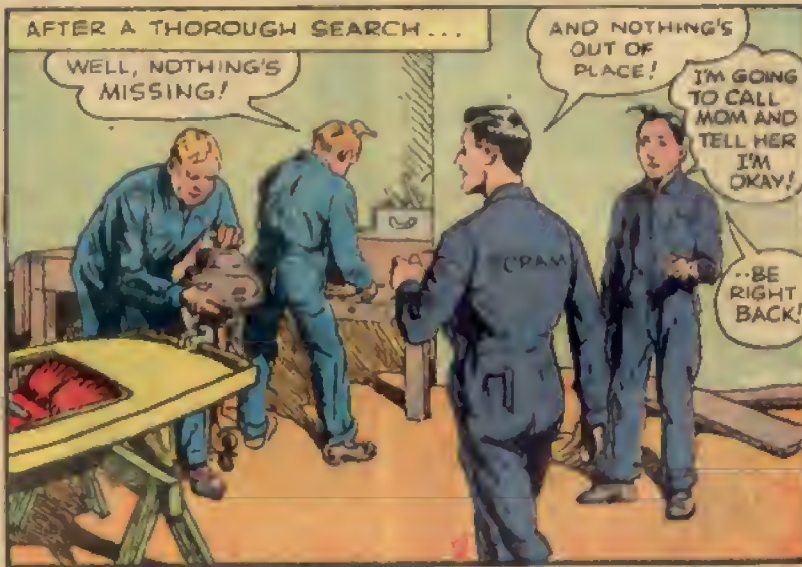


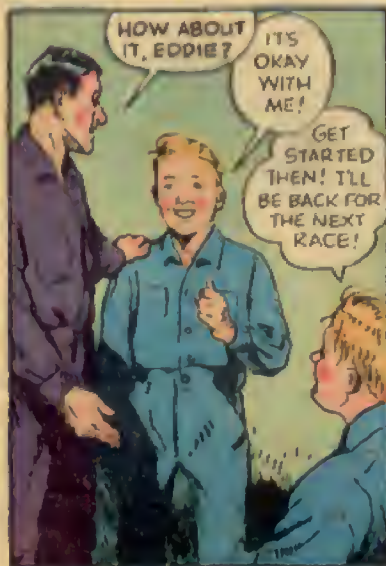
OLD CAP HAWKINS COMES BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH WITH ANOTHER DRAMATIC EPISODE IN MODERN HISTORY!

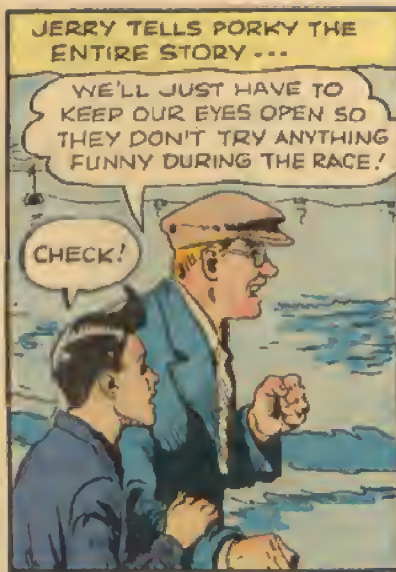
Edison BELL











FATE, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM PORKEY, TURNS THE TABLES!—AND THE KING-FISH TAKES AN UNKINGLY DIVE WHEN THEIR OWN ROPE FOULS THEIR PROPELLOR!...



THE SCRAM CROSSES THE FINISH LINE -- THE WINNER!



LATER, THE BOYS DISCUSS KINGFISH COLLINS ---



Edison BELL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT WITH ANOTHER SWELL STORY!

NOW!
Edison BELL
REVEALS
HOW TO MAKE
THESE
SUPER-SWELL--

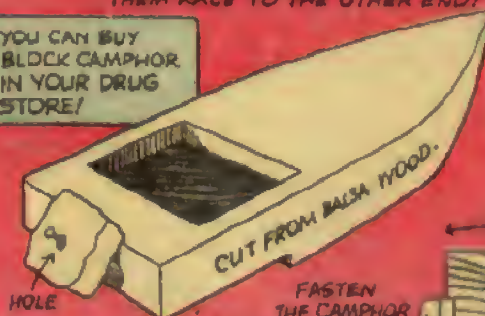
Racing Bath Tub BEETLE BOATS! GOOD CLEAN FAST FUN!

AS TOLD TO Ray Gill

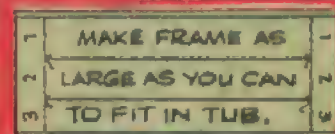
The BEETLE BOAT,

ITSELF, IS CUT FROM A PIECE OF BALSA WOOD, WITH A STRAIGHT PIN STUCK IN THE BACK FOR THE "MOTOR." THIS "MOTOR" IS SIMPLY A CHUNK OF EITHER GUM CAMPHOR OR SYNTHETIC CAMPHOR. WHEN THE CAMPHOR STARTS TO EVAPORATE AND MELT IN THE WATER, THE RAPIDLY COLLECTING CAMPHOR ON THE WATER'S SURFACE FORCES THE BOAT AHEAD.

YOU CAN BUY BLOCK CAMPHOR IN YOUR DRUG STORE!



TO PLAY IT AS A GAME.. Make a simple, rectangular frame... with two strings separating it into three lanes... SET THREE DIFFERENT-COLORED BOATS AT ONE END AND LET THEM RACE TO THE OTHER END!



Float frame on surface of water in bath tub.

ABOUT 2" LONG



FASTEN THE CAMPHOR TO THE STERN WITH A STRAIGHT PIN.



To steer the boat in open water, simply twist the rudder so that it aims to right or left.

--- GOOD RACING!

SURFACE OF WATER MUST BE CLEAN!

A SPLENDID METHOD OF CLEANING THE SURFACE OF THE WATER IN YOUR TUB TO FACILITATE THE WORKING OF THE MELTING AND EVAPORATING CAMPHOR (THIS IS ITS NATURAL TENDENCY) IS THIS:

LAY A FEW SHEETS OF NEWSPAPER ON THE WATER... THEN CAREFULLY LIFT THEM OFF FROM ONE END.

THE SURFACE ACTION OF THE CAMPHOR WILL THEN WORK BEAUTIFULLY! AFTER FIFTEEN MINUTES OF RACING, CLEAN THE SURFACE OF THE WATER AGAIN!

ALLOW "MOTOR" TO SET DEEP ENOUGH SO THAT WATER CAN GET AT THE CAMPHOR!

BLUE BOLT

The American

THE ENEMY IN OUR OWN BACK YARD! **BLUE BOLT** SAILS INTO ANOTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE AGAINST THE **BANDITS OF THE SKIES!**



HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS! PATROL WEST AT SIX THOUSAND FOR AN HOUR AND RETURN!

YES, SIR!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

BOY! THESE TOMAHAWKS ARE 'HOT' SHIPS! HOPE I MEET SOME OF THE ENEMY, --- BUT I GUESS I WON'T HAVE SUCH LUCK!

WE FIND **BLUE BOLT** IN SOUTH AMERICA, ... READY TO TAKE OFF FROM HIS AIRDROME

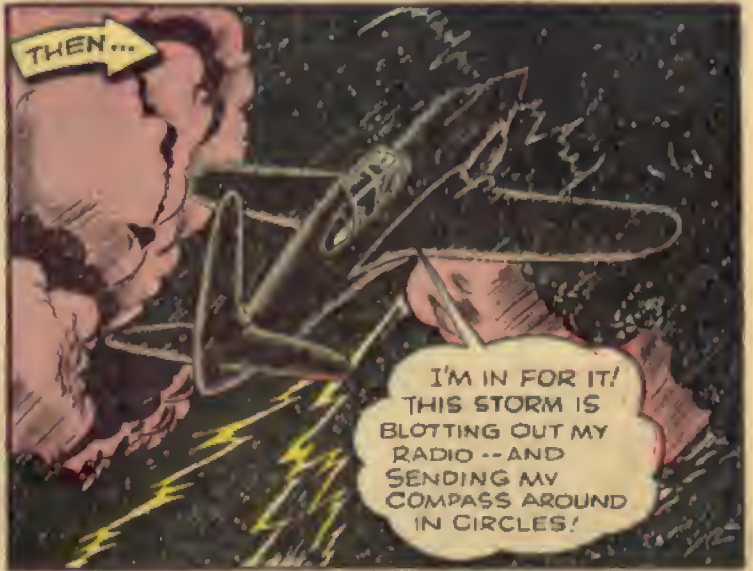
ALANOE

IN A SHORT TIME, **BLUE BOLT**
IS OVER THE MOUNTAINS...



WOW! THE
WEATHER IS CLOSING
IN ON ME! LOOK
AT THOSE
CLOUDS!

THEN...



I'M IN FOR IT!
THIS STORM IS
BLOTING OUT MY
RADIO --AND
SENDING MY
COMPASS AROUND
IN CIRCLES!

BLUE BOLT DIVES, LOOKING
FOR A "HOLE" IN THE CLOUDS!



THIS IS PRETTY
THICK.....
BETTER DROP
A FLARE!

HE PULLS A LEVER,
THEN -----



BLUE BOLT FOLLOWS
THE FLARE DOWN! ...

HOLY SMOKE! A
HANGAR! THERE
MUST BE A FIELD
BELOW! I'LL
PULL UP
THERE!



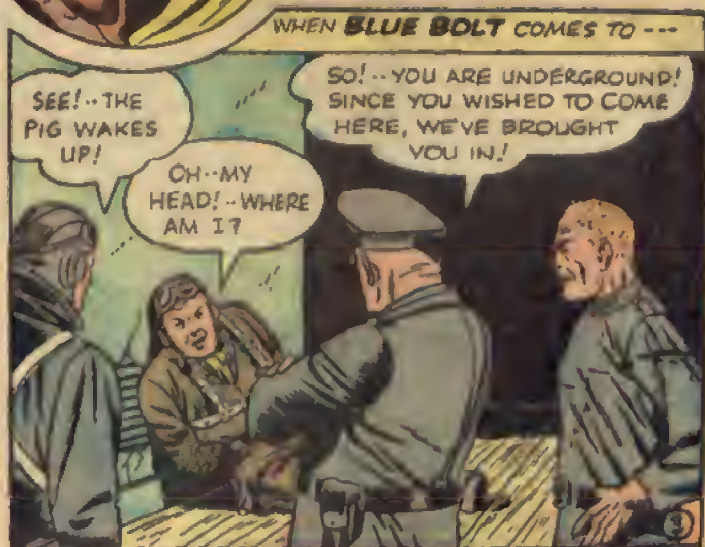
WHAT A WIND! I'D NEVER
HAVE SEEN THAT HANGAR
IF IT DIDN'T BLOW OFF
THOSE BRANCHES COVERING
IT, MUST BE AN
EMERGENCY
FIELD!



HOPPING
OUT,
**BLUE
BOLT**
MANEUVERS
THE PLANE
INTO THE
PROTECTION
OF THE
TREES,
THEN
SURVEYS
THE
PLACE
CAREFULLY.

FUNNY, THERE'S
NOBODY AROUND!
SAY! -- WHAT'S
THIS!







NOW TELL ME HOW YOU FOUND THIS PLACE! QUICK! OR I'LL HAVE YOU SHOT!

OW! YOU FILTHY DOGS! --I'LL...



I'M GONNA HAVE TO BLUFF MY WAY OUT OF THIS! ..

I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK YOU WERE PULLING A FAST ONE! AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THIS PLACE--AND OTHERS!



THE NAZIS PULL BACK, STARTLED---

WHAT! WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY!

HIMMEL! AND THEY KNOW OF OUR OTHER BASES?

WHAT WILL WE DO NOW?

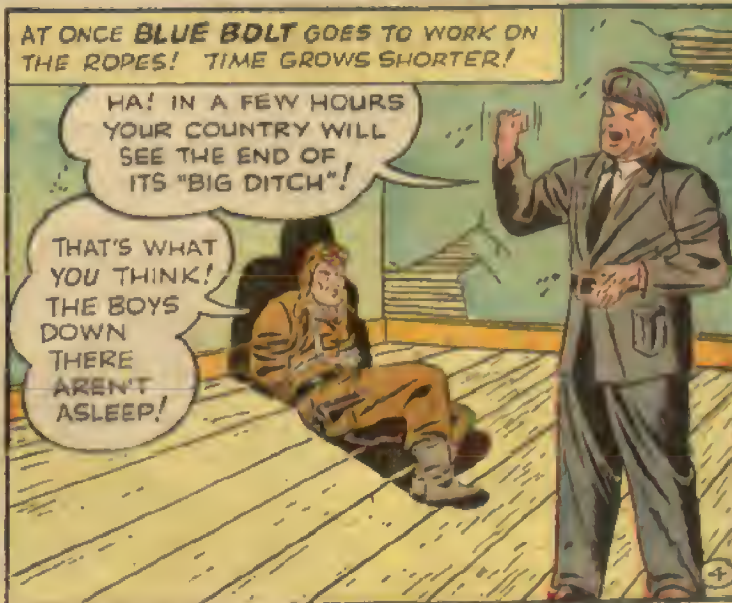


SIGNAL THE OTHER FIELDS! WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE! OUR GREAT MISSION MUST START AT ONCE!

THE RADIO OPERATOR JUMPS TO HIS SET! HIS FINGERS WORK FAST, TAPPING OUT MESSAGES!



IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT BUSY AROUND HERE! THESE ROPES DON'T SEEM TO BE VERY TIGHT!



AT ONCE **BLUE BOLT** GOES TO WORK ON THE ROPES! TIME GROWS SHORTER!

HA! IN A FEW HOURS YOUR COUNTRY WILL SEE THE END OF ITS "BIG DITCH"!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THE BOYS DOWN THERE AREN'T ASLEEP!

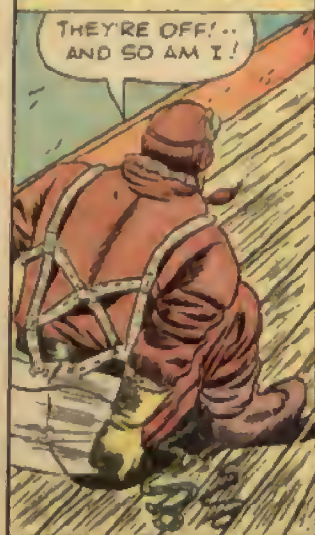
UNDER COVER OF THE EXCITEMENT,
BLUE BOLT BRINGS HIS FEET
UP BEHIND HIS BACK AND
REACHES DOWN WITH HIS HANDS!



BUT, BEFORE HE CAN UNTIE HIMSELF ...



ANOTHER MINUTE, AND...



LET'S GO, PUNKS!

HIMMEL!
VOT IST?



THE BATTLE RAGES ...

BUT **BLUE BOLT'S** MIGHTY
FISTS BEAT BACK THE NAZIS!

... THEY KEEP COMING!

THAT'S ALL
FOR YOU,
PAL!



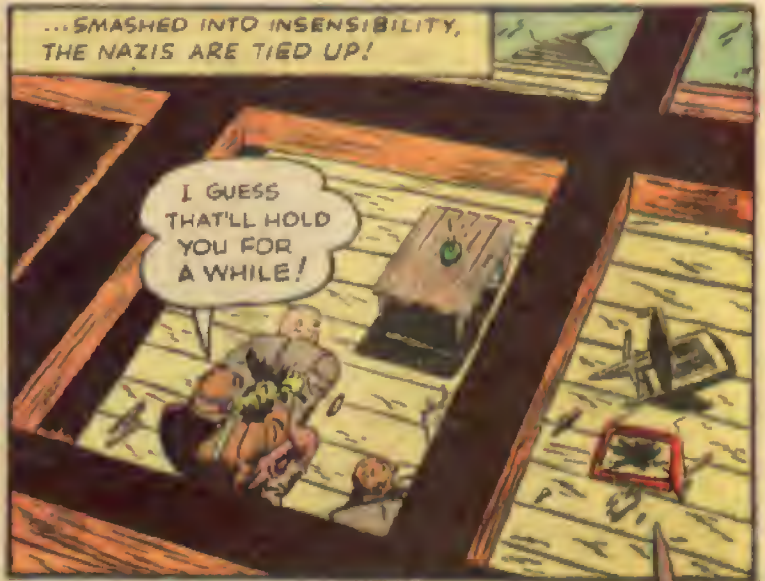
BUT THE NAZIS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE INFURIATED AMERICAN! TWO OF THEM GO DOWN! ...



WOW! THAT ONE HURT ME AS MUCH AS IT DID YOU!

AAAGH!

... SMASHED INTO INSENSIBILITY, THE NAZIS ARE TIED UP!



I GUESS THAT'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE!

BLUE BOLT RACES UP, OPENS THE HATCH, AND SQUIRMS OUT TO SEE---

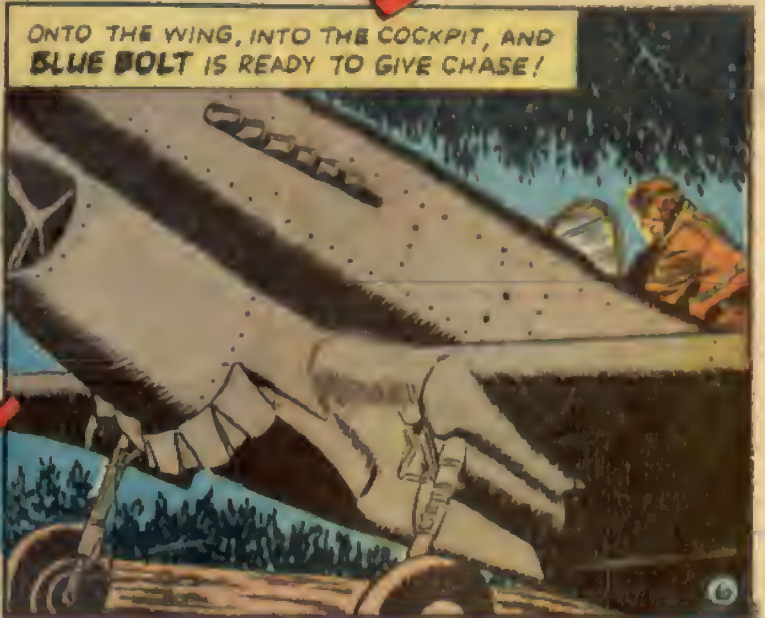


THE BOMBER! TAKING OFF! I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT-- PRONTO!



THE TOMAHAWK WILL OVERTAKE THAT LOAD IN NO TIME FLAT!

ONTO THE WING, INTO THE COCKPIT, AND **BLUE BOLT** IS READY TO GIVE CHASE!



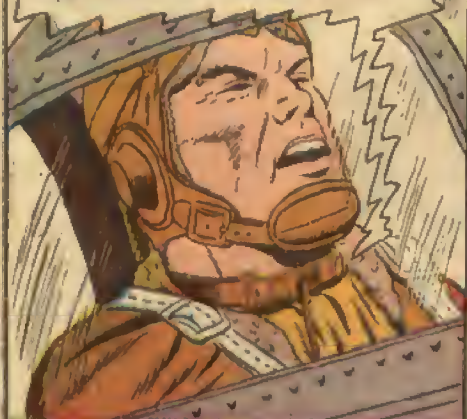
OVER GOES THE INERTIA-STARTER. **BLUE BOLT** POINTS HER NOSE INTO THE WIND-- AND OFF HE GOES!



OKAY, SMART GUY! HERE I COME! YOU'D BETTER HAVE AN APPETITE FOR HOT LEAD!

AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, **BLUE BOLT** SWITCHES ON THE RADIO ...

CALLING AMERICAN FIELDS! ...
NAZI PLANES HEADING NORTH
FOR RAID ON PANAMA CANAL!



MEANWHILE ... THE NAZI BOMBER
SWERVES INTO A CLOUD BANK!
BLUE BOLT DIVES IN AFTER
HIM, BUT ...

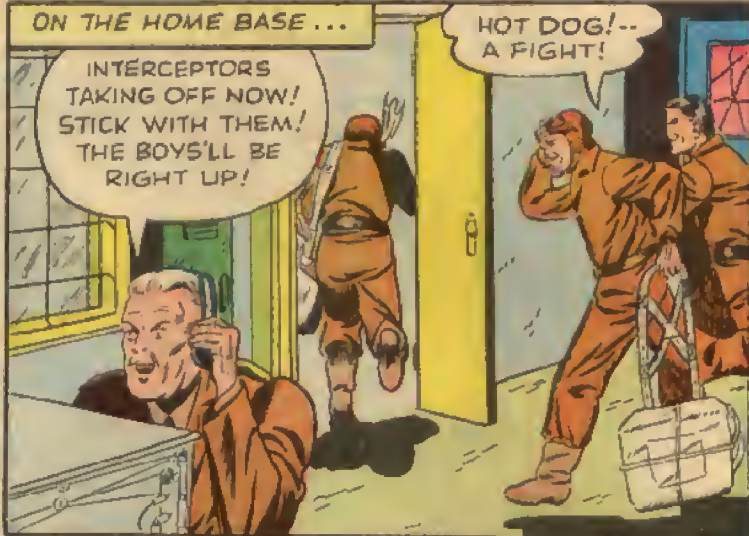


IN A FLASH, **BLUE BOLT** IS OVER
THE SHIP. HIS HAND GRABS THE
STICK AND PUSHES IT FORWARD ...



ON THE HOME BASE ...

INTERCEPTORS
TAKING OFF NOW!
STICK WITH THEM!
THE BOYS'LL BE
RIGHT UP!

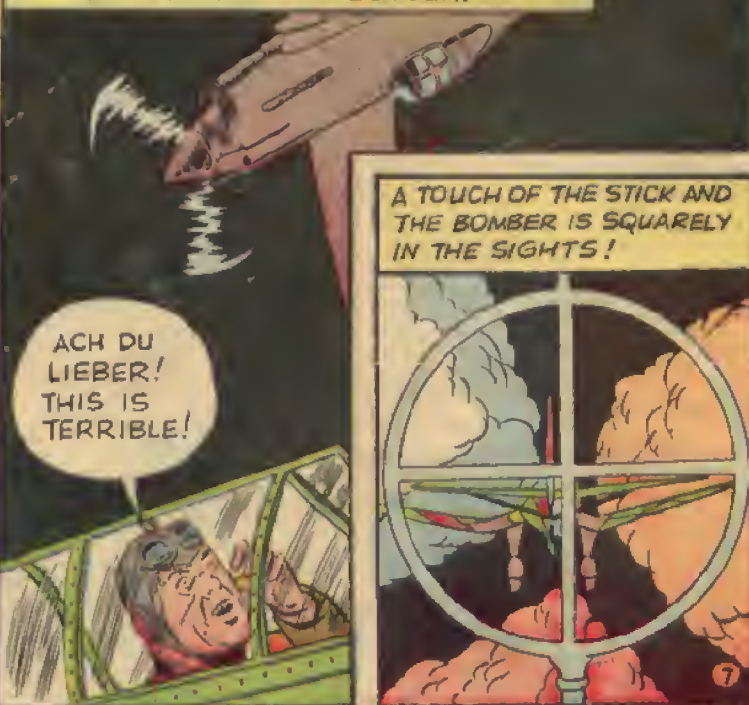


THEN ...

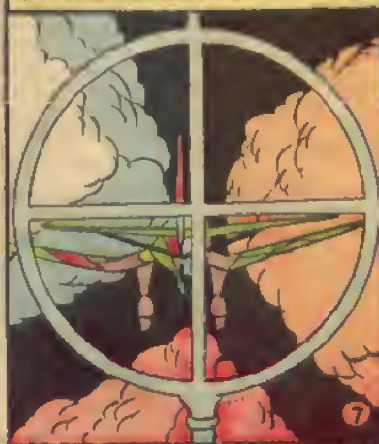
THERE HE IS!
NOW FOR SOME
ACTION!



...AND THE TOMAHAWK STANDS ON ITS NOSE
AND DROPS ON THE BOMBER!

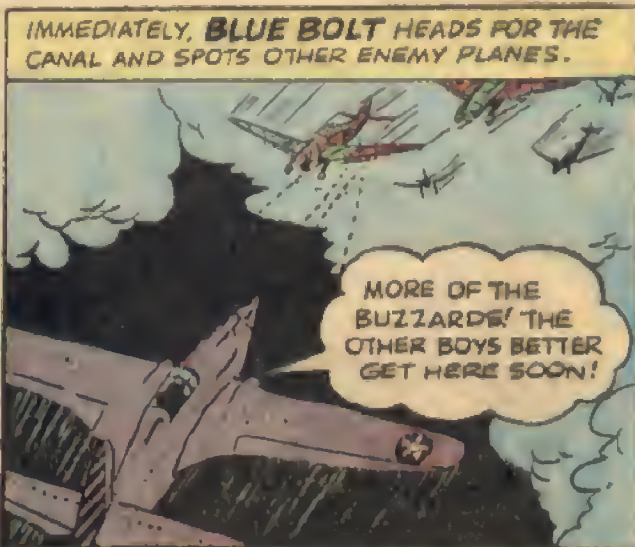


A TOUCH OF THE STICK AND
THE BOMBER IS SQUARELY
IN THE SIGHTS!





WHAMO!...JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! I TOOK THE WING RIGHT OFF HER!



IMMEDIATELY, **BLUE BOLT** HEADS FOR THE CANAL AND SPOTS OTHER ENEMY PLANES.

MORE OF THE BUZZARDE! THE OTHER BOYS BETTER GET HERE SOON!

HARDLY DOES HE SPEAK, WHEN A FLIGHT OF LOCKHEED LIGHTNINGS RISE TO MEET THE NAZIS!

THE FIGHT IS ON! BULLETS WHIZ ABOUT AND RIP INTO METAL! MEN JUMP FROM FLAMING COFFINS!



TEAR INTO THEM, BOYS! THIS IS THE BEST YET!

THE END COMES QUICKLY! THE NAZIS LEAVE TRAILING STREAMERS OF SMOKE IN THE SKY!

THE LAST OF 'EM IS DOWN! SEND OUT A PARTY AND GET THOSE I TIED UP! THEY'LL TELL YOU WHERE THE OTHER BASES ARE!

THEN DOWN COME THE OTHER PLANES, VICTORIOUS OVER A SNEAKY FOE!

HOPE I CAN GET SOMETHING TO EAT! THAT FIGHTING MADE ME HUNGRY!

OUT HOP THE PILOTS, WHO GRAB **BLUE BOLT** AND LIFT HIM TO THEIR SHOULDERS!

WOW! WHAT A SCRAP! THANKS TO YOU!

AW, DEE, FELLERS!

YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS!

BLUE BOLT COMES BACK AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN ANOTHER THRILLING YARN!

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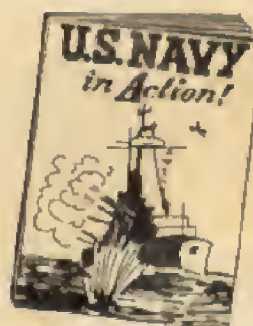
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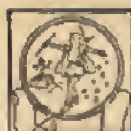
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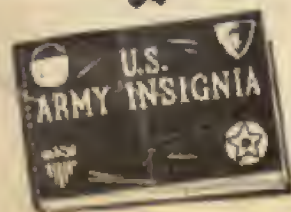
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